

Harmonia Sacra ;

OR,

DIVINE HYMNS

AND

DIALOGUES:

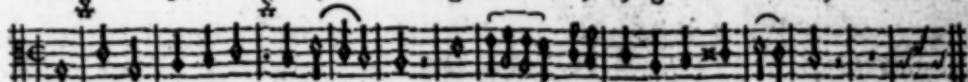
WITH

A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by the Best Masters of the Last and Present Age.

The WORDS by several Learned and Pious Persons.

Cannon a 3, in the Fifth and Eighth below, rising a Note every time.



Laudate Dominum de Cælis, lau-da-te e-um in ex-cel-sis.

IMPRIMATUR,

Ex Ædib. Lamb.
 Nov. 7. 1687.

*Guil. Needham RR. in Christo P. ac D.
 D. Wilhelmo Archiep. Cant. à Sacr.
 Domest.*

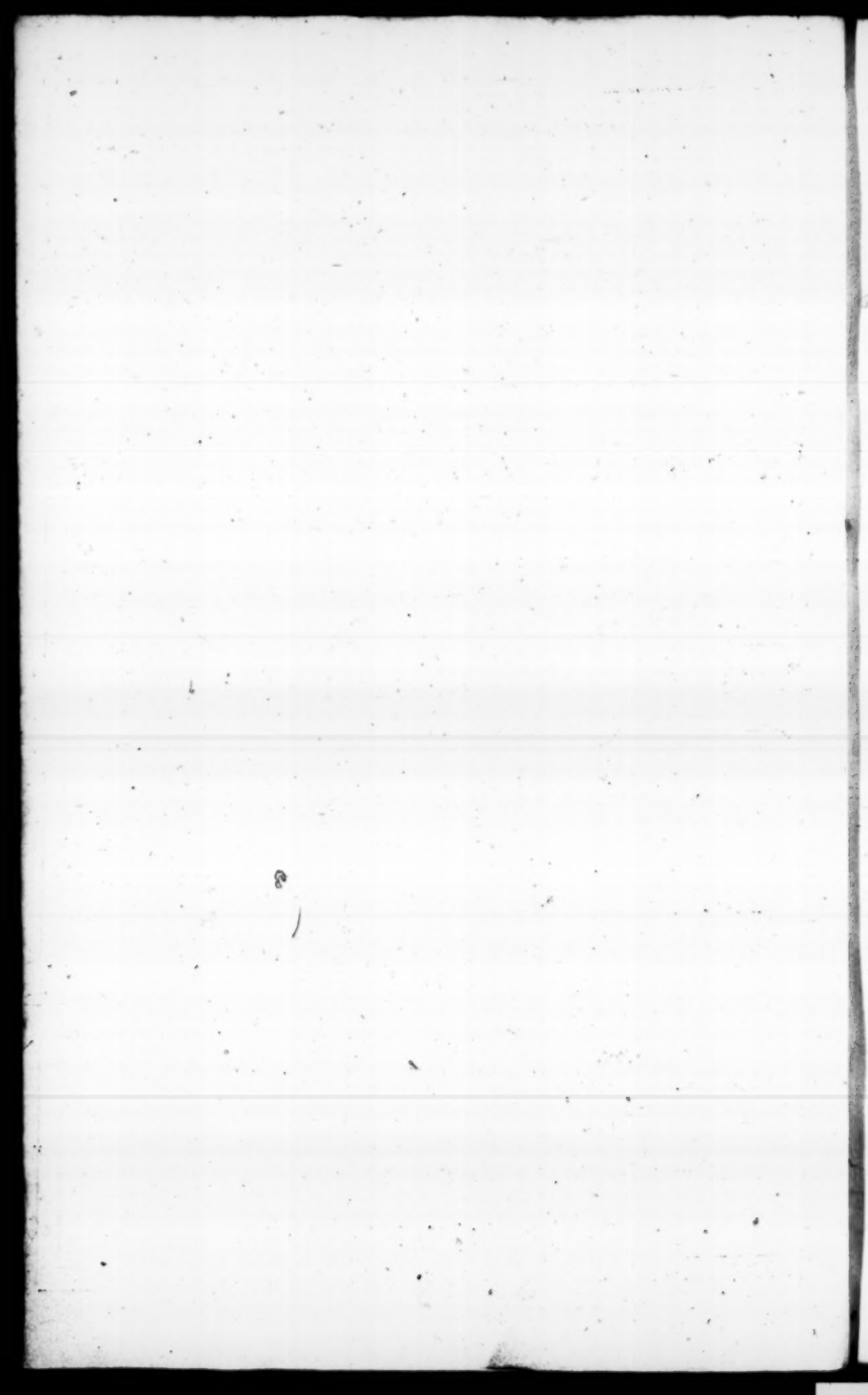
In the SAVOY:

Printed by *Edward Jones*, for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop near the *Temple Church*,

M D C L X X X V I I I .

1688
 1820

-132



TO THE
RIGHT REVEREND
FATHER in GOD,
THOMAS
Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells:

This Collection of *Divine Musick* is (with just Veneration) most humbly Dedicated by

His Lordship's

Devoted Servant,

HENRY PLAYFORD

TO THE READER.

THE Approbation which has been given by those of the greatest Skill in *Musick*, and the Encouragement I have met with from a number of worthy Subscribers do give me just reason to hope, that this Collection of *Divine Songs* (tho' the first of this nature extant) will find a kind Reception with the best of Men.

The Youthful and Gay have already been entertain'd with variety of rare Compositions, where the lighter Sportings of Wit have been Tun'd by the most artful Hands, and made at once to gratify a delicate Ear, and a wanton Curiosity.

I now therefore address to others, who are no less *Musical*, though they are more *Devout*. There are many Pious Persons, who are not only just Admirers, but excellent Judges too, both of *Musick* and *Wit*; to these a singular Regard is due, and their exquisite Relish of the former ought not to be pall'd by an unagreeable Composition of the later. *Divine Hymns* are therefore the most proper Entertainment for them, which, as they make the sweetest, and indeed the only, Melody to a *Religious Ear*, so are they in themselves the very Glory and Perfection of *Musick*.

For 'tis the meanest and most Mechanical Office of this *Noble Science* to play upon the Ear, and strike the Fancy with a superficial Delight; but when Holy and Spiritual Things are its Subject, it proves of a more subtile and refined Nature, whilst darting it self through the Organs of Sense, it warms and actuates all the Powers of the Soul, and fills the Mind with the brightest and most ravishing Contemplations. *Musick* and *Poetry* have in all Ages been accounted Divine,
and

To the READER.

and therefore they cannot be more naturally employed, than when they are conversant about *Heaven*, that Region of *Harmony*, from whence they are derived.

Now as to this present Collection, I need say no more than that the *Words* were penn'd by such Persons, as are, and have been, very Eminent both for Learning and Piety; and indeed, he that reads them as he ought, will soon find his Affections warm'd, as with a Coal from the Altar, and feel the Breathings of Divine Love from every Line. As for the *Musical Part*, it was Compos'd by the most Skilful Masters of this Age; and though some of them are now dead, yet their Composures have been review'd by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, whose tender Regard for the Reputation of those great Men made him careful that nothing should be published, which, through the negligence of Transcribers, might reflect upon their Memory. Here therefore the *Musical* and *Devout* cannot want Matter both to exercise their Skill, and heighten their Devotion; to which excellent Purposes that this Book may be truly effectual is the hearty desire of

Your humble Servant,

Henry Playford.

ERRATA's to be amended with a Pen.

Page 10. Staff 5. Bar 1. fa—tal
 Page 10. Staff 5. Bar 2. ful—len
 Page 11. Staff 2. Bar 2. Midnight cry,
 Page 12. Staff 9. Bar 8.
 Page 17. Staff 8. Bar 2.
 Page 23. Staff 1. Bar 3. Pi—ty,
 Page 29. Staff 1. Bar 2. Tears and
 Page 37. Staff 10. Bar 5. Ground!
 Page 52. Staff 7. Bar 4. art my
 Page 64. Staff 7. Bar 1, 2. weep more
 Page 64. Staff 11. Bar 2. Why, why
 Page 64. Staff 8. Bar 2. all things are sub—

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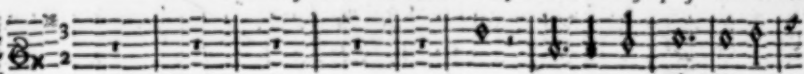
ADVERTISEMENT.

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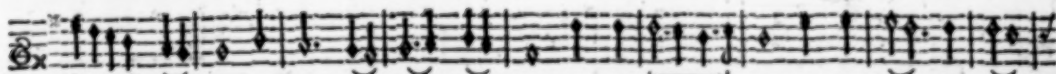
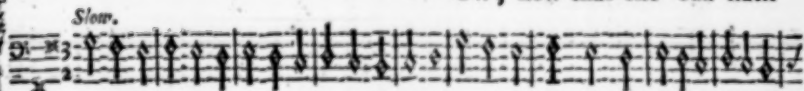
An EVENING HYMN.

On a Ground.

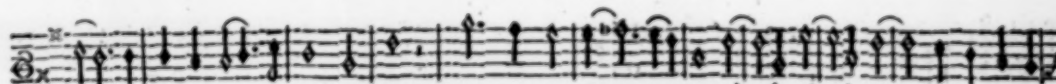
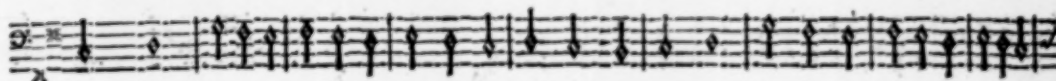
Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.



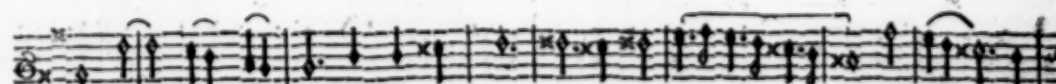
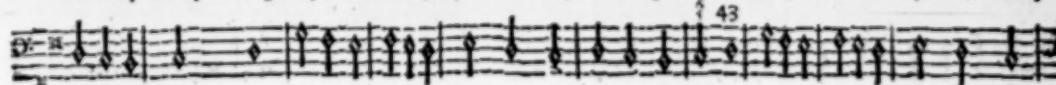
Ow, now that the Sun hath



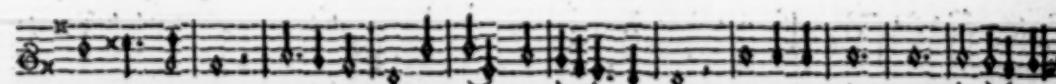
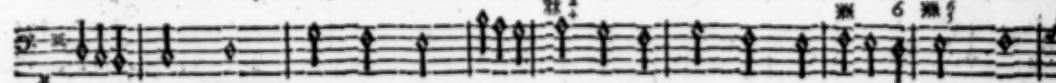
veil'd his Light, and bid the World good night; to the soft Bed, to the soft, the soft



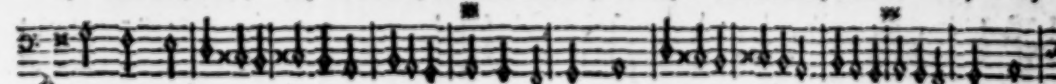
Bed my Body I dispose, but where, where shall my Soul repose? Dear, dear God, even in thy

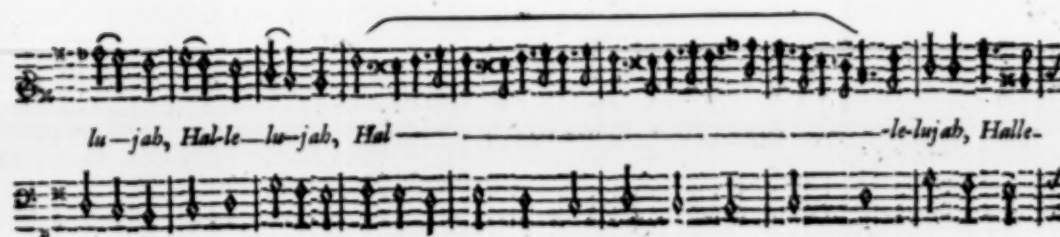
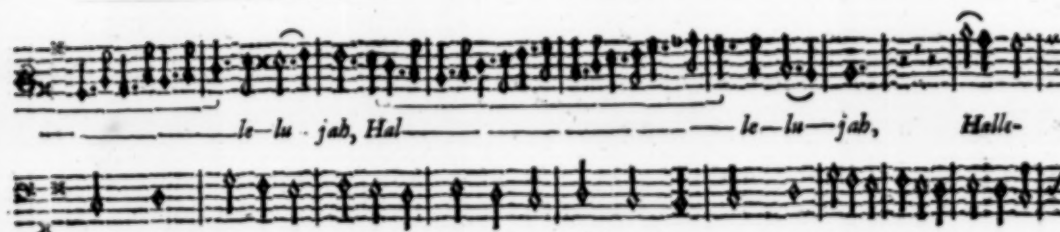
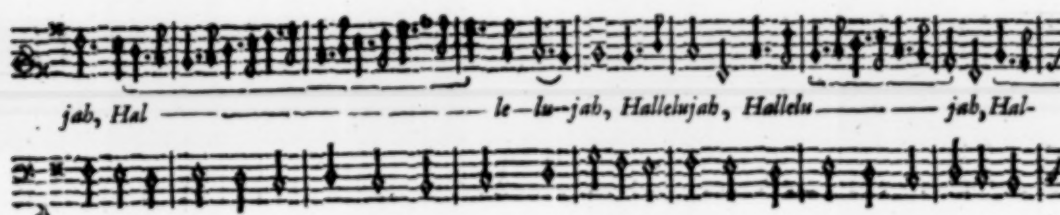
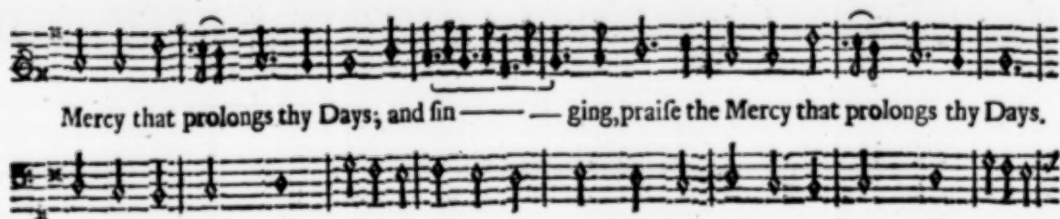
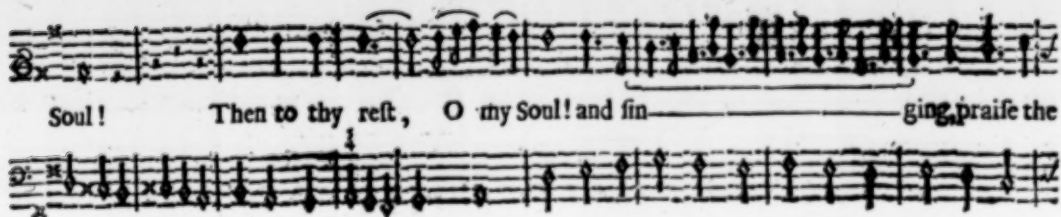


Arms, ev'n in thy Arms, and can there be a—ny so swee—t Se—cu—ri—



ty! Can there be, any so sweet, so sweet Se—cu—ri—ty! Then to thy Re—st, O my







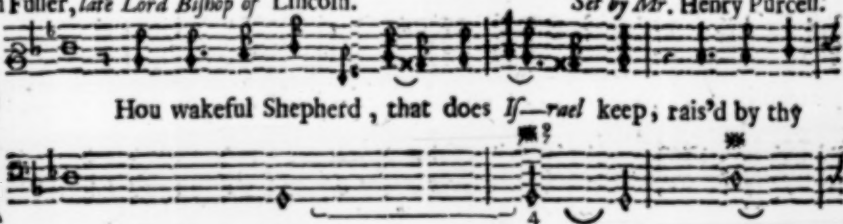
lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal ————— le-lu-jab, Hal ————— le-lu-jab.

Mr. Henry Purcell.

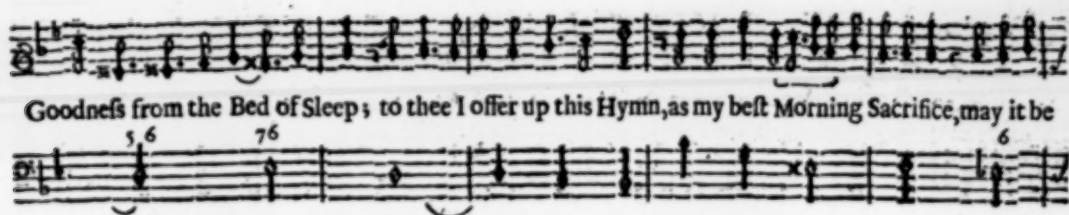
A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

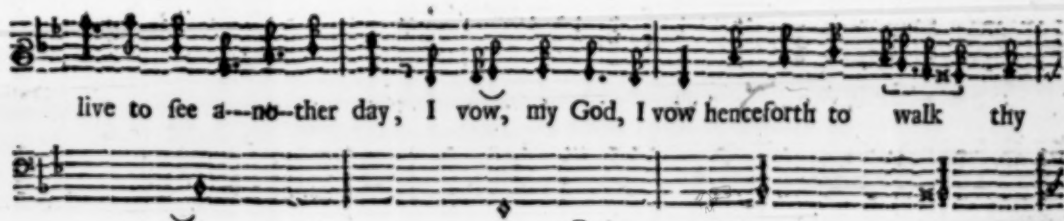
Hou wakeful Shepherd, that does If-rael keep; rais'd by thy



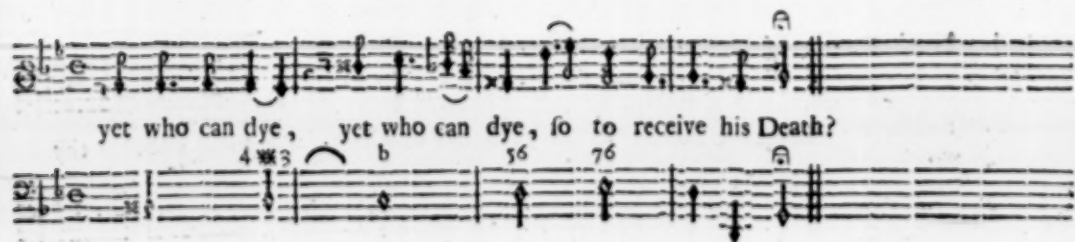
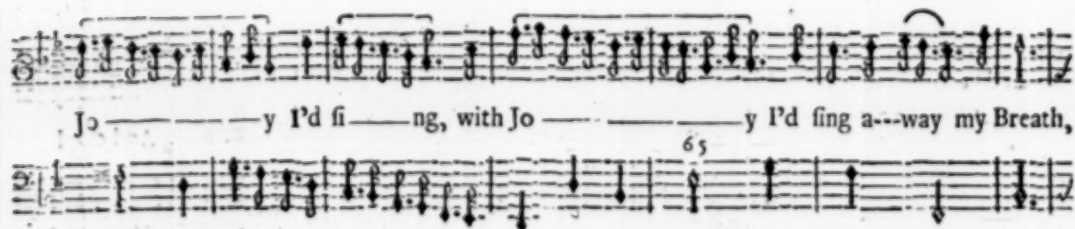
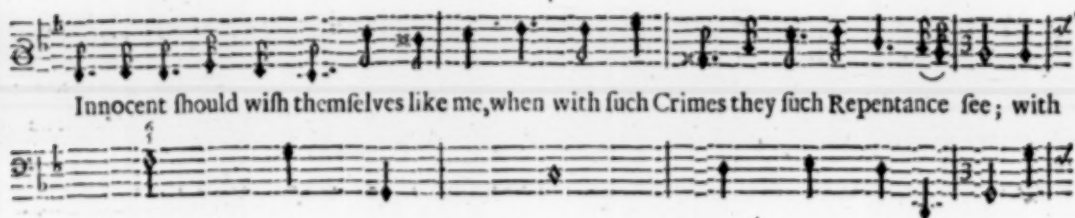
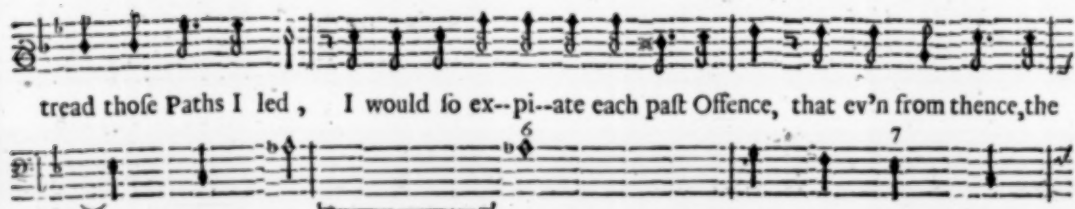
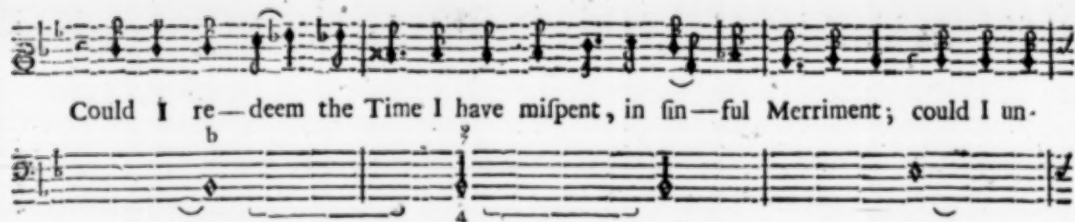
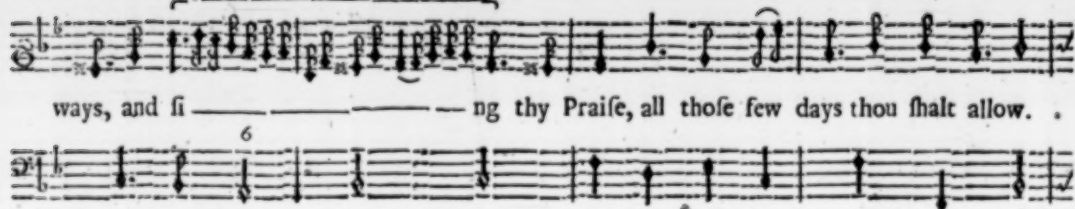
Goodness from the Bed of Sleep; to thee I offer up this Hymn, as my best Morning Sacrifice, may it be



gracious, may it be gracious in thine Eyes, to raise me from the Bed of Sin: And do I

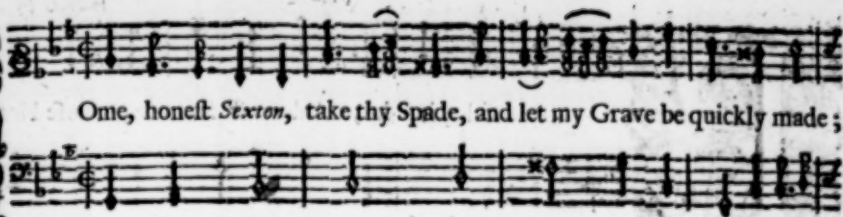


live to see a--no--ther day, I vow, my God, I vow henceforth to walk thy

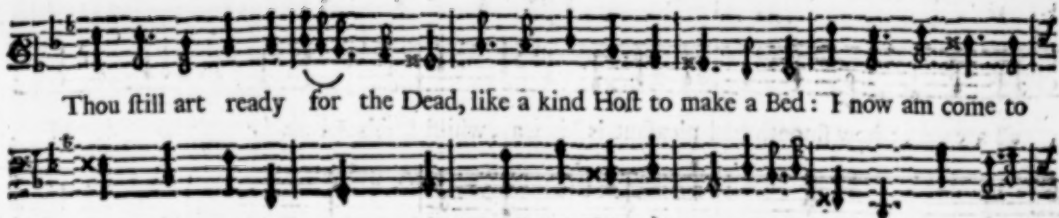


The Passing-Bell.

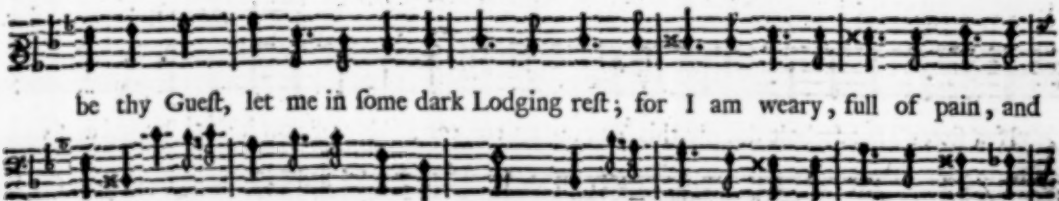
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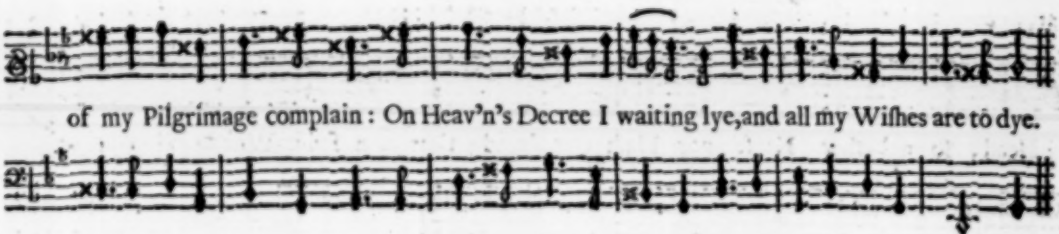
Ome, honest *Sexton*, take thy Spade, and let my Grave be quickly made ;



Thou still art ready for the Dead, like a kind Host to make a Bed : I now am come to



be thy Guest, let me in some dark Lodging rest ; for I am weary, full of pain, and



of my Pilgrimage complain : On Heav'n's Decree I waiting lye, and all my Wishes are to dye.

CHORUS.



Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.

Hark! hark! I hear my Passing Bell, I hear my Passing Bell, farewell, farewell, my loving Friends, farewell.

Mr. Matthew Lock.

Make my cold Bed (good *Sexton*!) deep,
That my poor Bones may safely sleep;
Until that sad and joyful day,
When from above a Voice shall say,
Wake all ye Dead, lift up your Eyes,
The Great Creator bids you rise!

Then do I hope, among the Just,
To shake off this polluted Dust;
And with new Robes of Glory drest,
To have Access among the Blest.

Chorus. *Hark! hark! &c.*



Eaceful is he, and most se-cure, whose Heart and Actions

all are pure; how smooth and pleasant is his way, whilst Life's *Me-an-der* slides away!

If a fierce Thunderbolt does fly, this Man can un-con-cer-ned lye: Know 'tis not levell'd at his

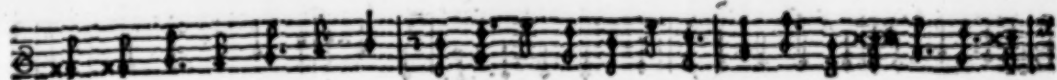
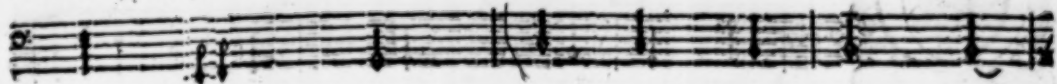
Head, so nei-ther Noife nor Flash can dread; though a swift Whirlwind tear in

funder, Heav'n above him, or Earth under; tho' the Rocks on heaps do tum—ble, or the

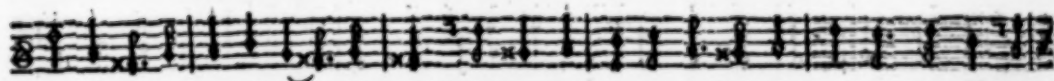
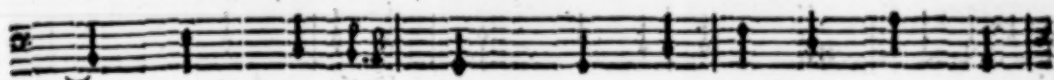
World to A—shes crumble; tho' the stu-pen-dious Mountains from on high, drop



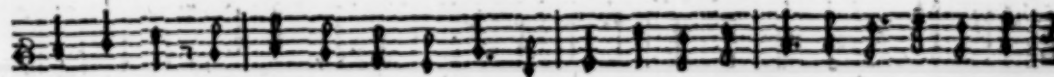
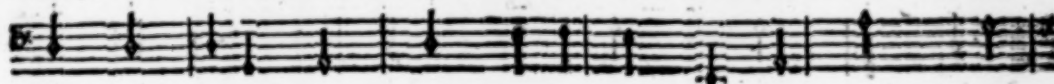
down, and in their hum-ble Val-leys lye; should the un-ru-ly Ocean rore, and



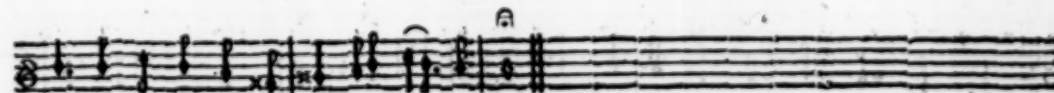
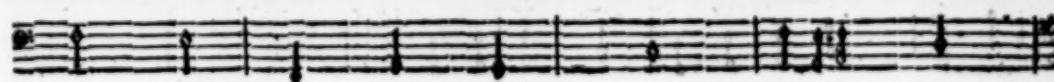
dash its foam against the Shore: He finds no Tempest in his Mind, fears no Billow, feels no



Wind; all is serene, all qui-et there, there's not one blast of troubled Air: Old Stars may fall, or

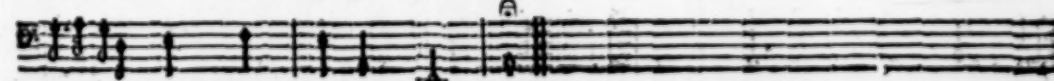


new ones blaze, yet none of these his Soul a-maze: Such is the Man can smile at irksome



Death, and with an ea-sie Sigh give up his Breath.

Dr. John Blow.



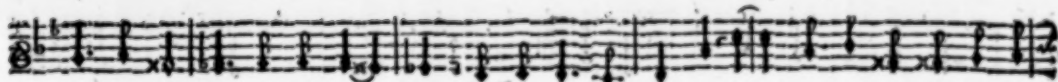
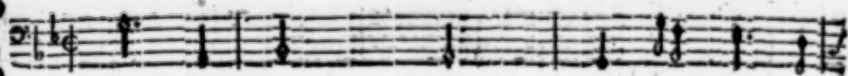
On a Dying-Friend.

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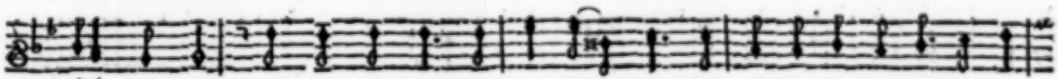
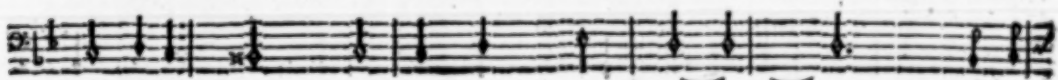
Words by Mr. Tho. Flatman.



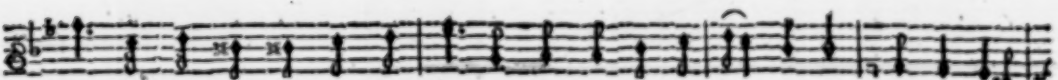
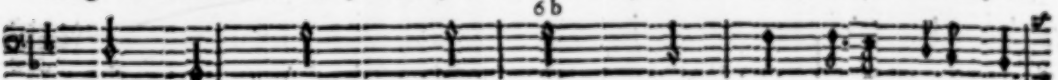
H the sad day! when Friends shall shake their heads, and say of misfe-



erable me, Hark how he groans! look how he pants for Breath! see, see, how he struggles with the



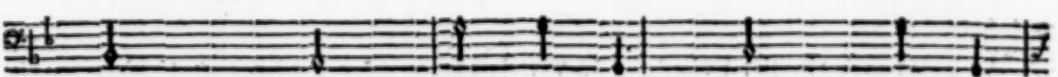
Pangs of Death! When they shall say of these dear Eyes, How hollow, and how dim they be!



Mark how his Breast does swell and rise, against his potent E-ne-mies. When some old

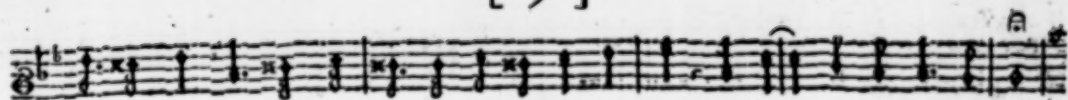


Friend shall step to my Bed—side, touch my chill Face, and thence shall gent—ly

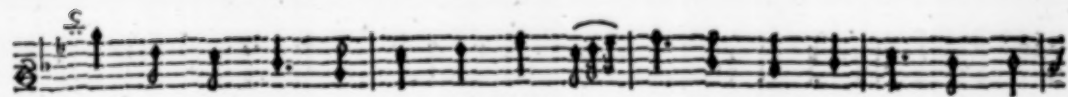
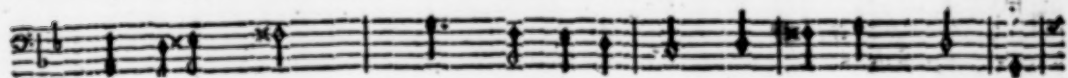


slide; and when his next Com—pa—nions say, How does he do? What hopes? Shall





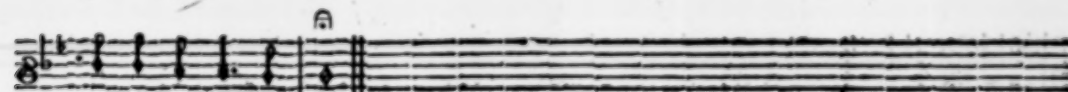
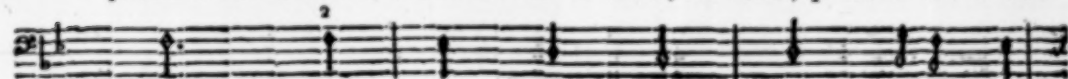
turn a-way, an-swe-ring on-ly with a lift-up hand, Who, who can his Fate withstand?



Then shall a Gasp or two do more, than all my Rhet'rick could be-fore;

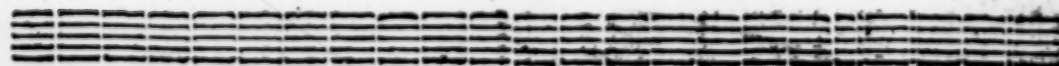
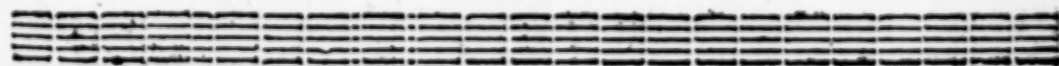
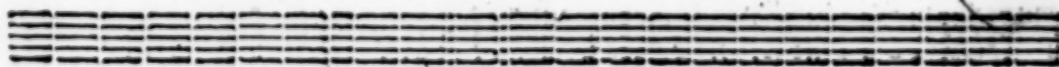
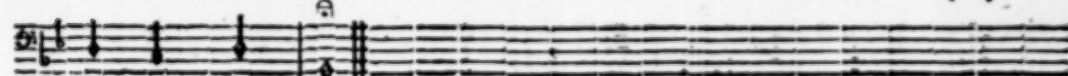


perfwade the World to trou-ble me no more, no more; perfwade the World



to trouble me no more.

Mr. Pelham Humphreys.

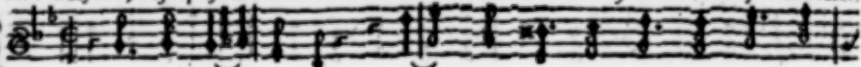


Job's Curse.

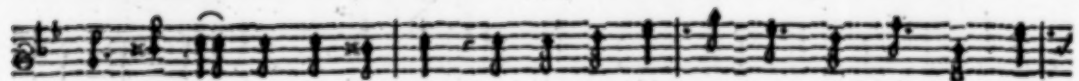
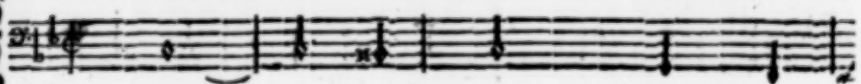
[10]

Words Translated by Dr. Taylor, Bishop of Down in Ireland.

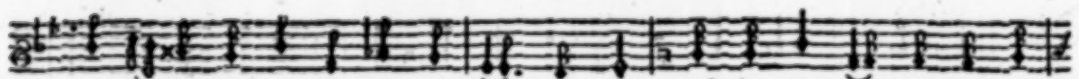
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



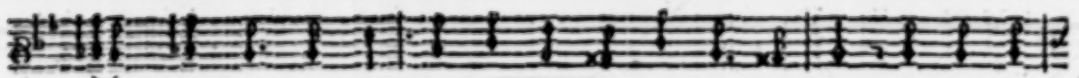
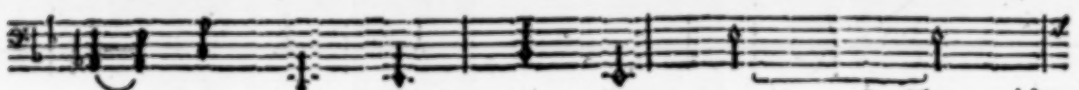
E T the Night perish, cur--sed be the Morn', wherein 'twas



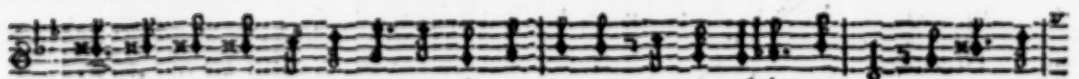
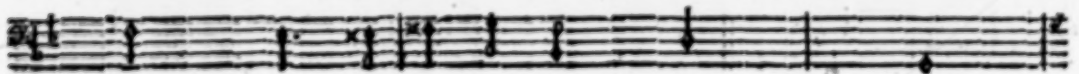
saïd, There is a Man-child born! Let not the Lord re-gard that day, but shrowd



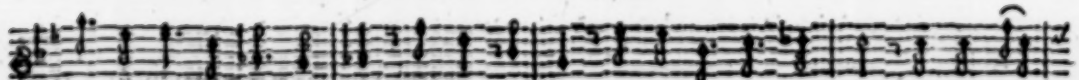
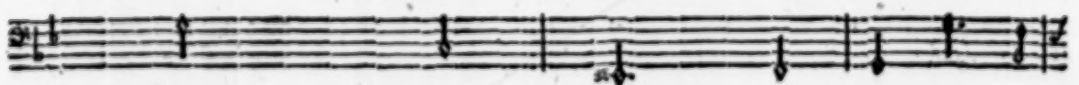
its fa--tal Glo-ry in some sul--len Cloud: May the dark Shades of an E-



ter--nal Night, ex--clude the least kind Beam of dawning Light; let unborn

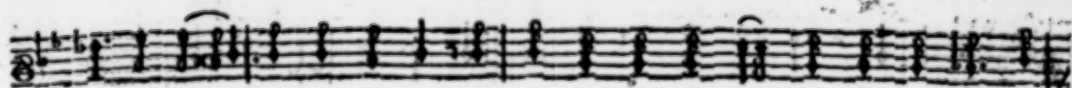


Babes, as in the Womb they lye, if it be mention'd, give a Groan and dye: No sounds of

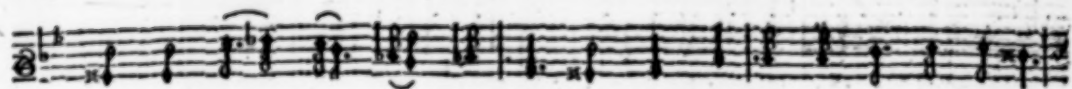
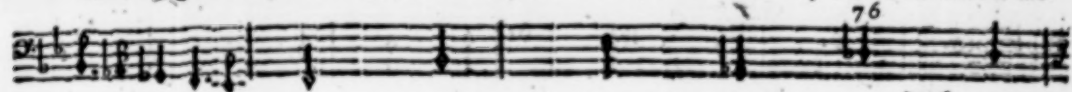


Joy therein shall charm the Ear; no Sun, no Moon, no twilight Stars appear; but a thick

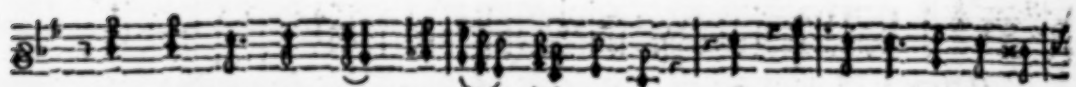
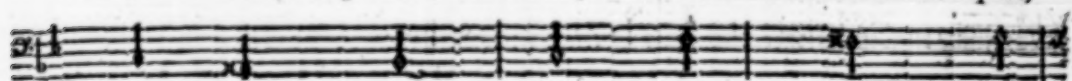




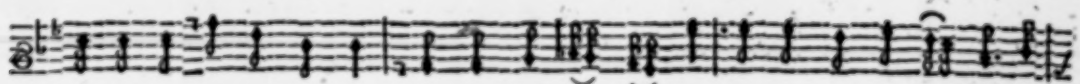
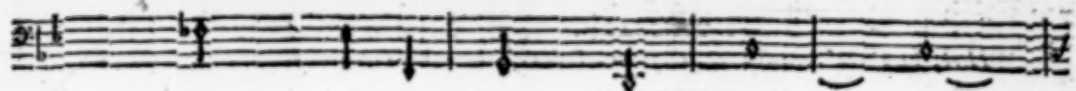
Vale of gloom—my Darkness wear. Why did I not, when first my Mother's Womb dis-



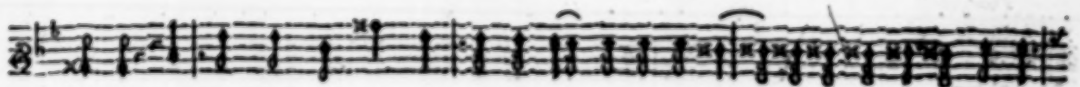
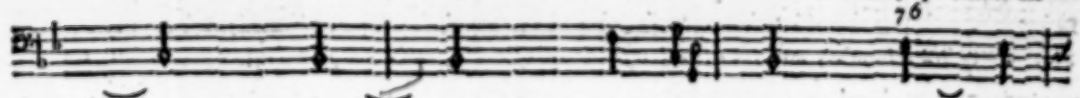
chard me thence, drop down in—to my Tomb? Then had I been at quiet,



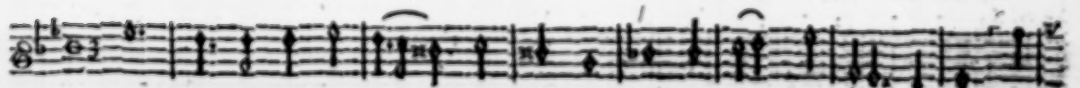
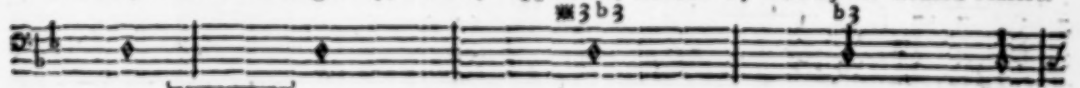
and mine Eyes had slept, and seen no Sorrow; there, there the Wife and Subtle



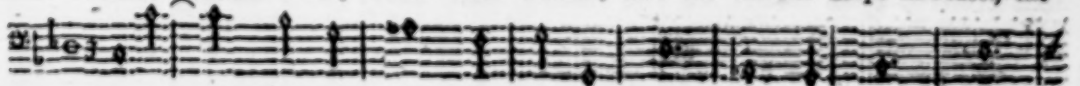
Counsellor, the Po-ten-tate, who for themselves built Pa-laces of State, lye husht in

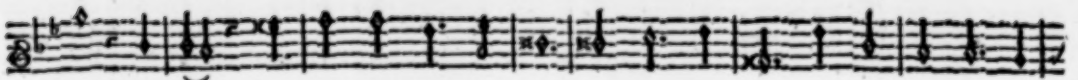


Silence; there's no Midnight cry, caus'd by Oppression, and the Ty-ran-ny of wicked Rulers.

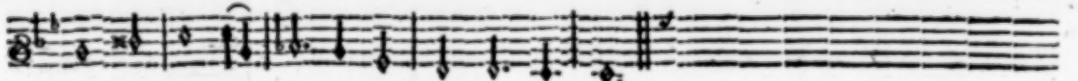
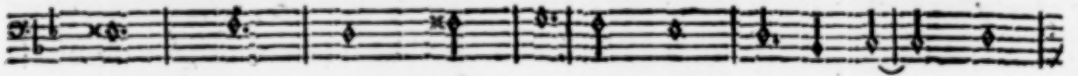


Here, here the Weary cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the

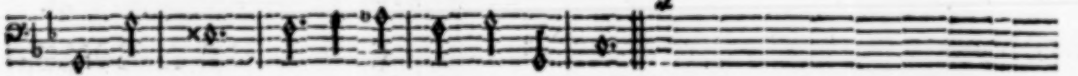




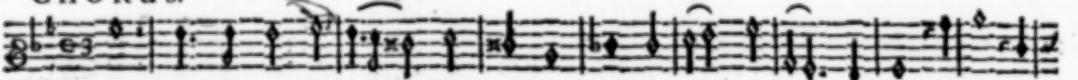
Rich, the Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di-sturb'd, and no distinction



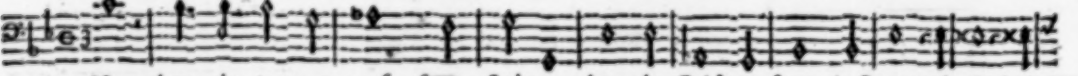
have, within the silent Chambers of the Grave.



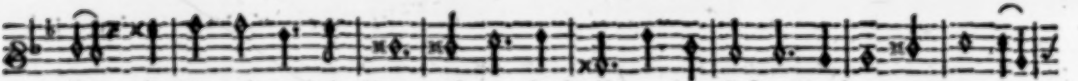
CHORUS.



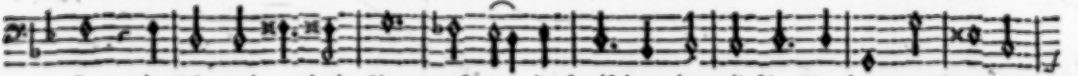
Here, here the wea-ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the



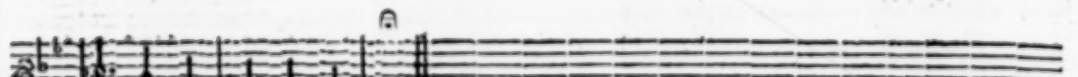
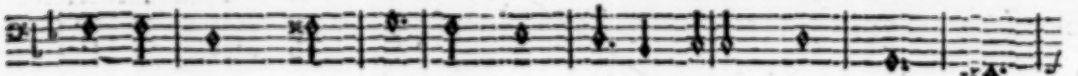
Here, here the wea-ry cease from Labour, here the Pris'ner sleeps in Peace; the Rich, the



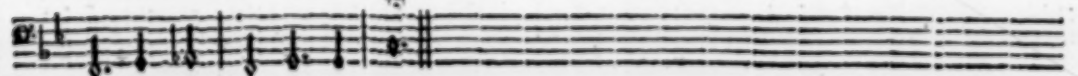
Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di-sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the



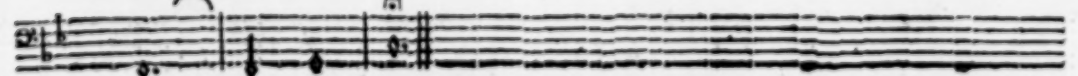
Poor, the Monarch, and the Slave, rest un-di-sturb'd, and no distinction have, within the



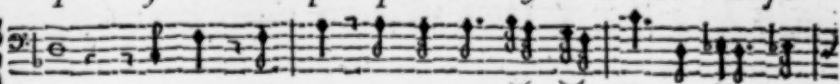
si-lent Chambers of the Grave.



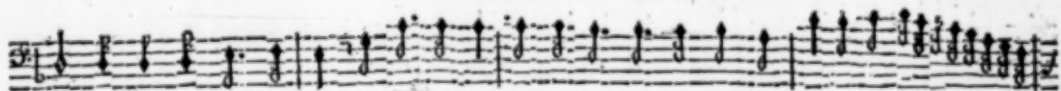
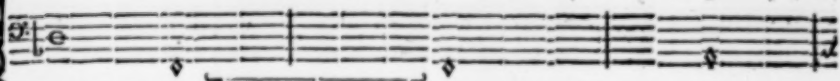
si-lent Chambers of the Grave.



The 34th Chapter of Isaiah paraphras'd by Mr. Cowley.



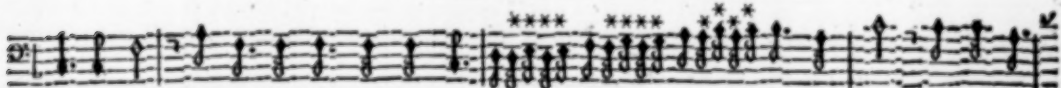
—Wake! awake! and with at—ten—tion hear, thou drowfie



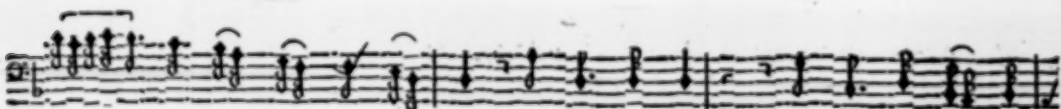
World, for it concerns thee near; awake I say! and listen well, to what from God I his lou—d



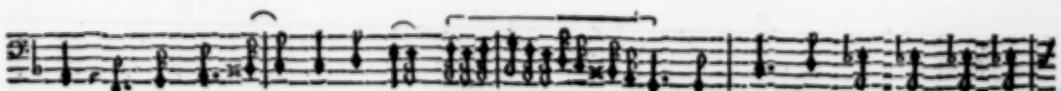
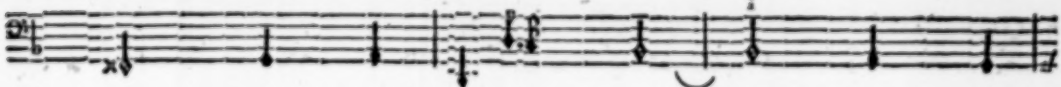
[The Notes with this Mark* over them are to be sung *Demiquavers*.]



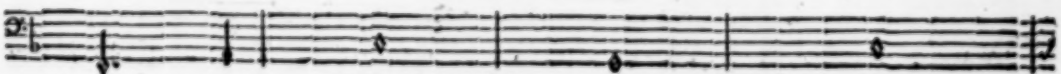
Prophet tell; bid both the Poles suppress their stor—my Noise, and bid the



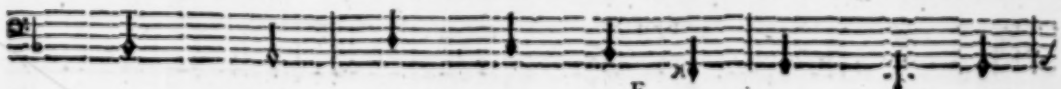
roa—ring Sea con—tain its Voice: Be still, thou Sea, be still thou Air and



Earth; still as old Cha—os be—fore Mo—tion's Birth: A dreadful Host of

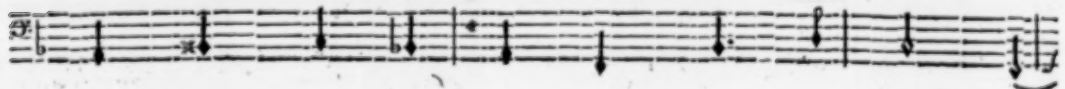


Judgments is gone out, in strength and number more, than e're was rais'd by God before, to

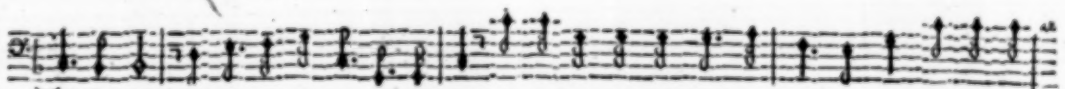
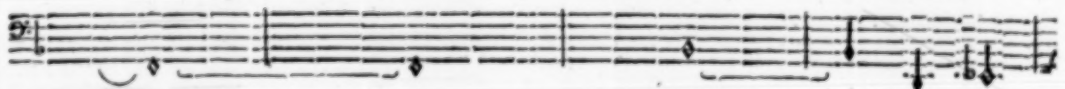




scourge the Re--bel World, and march it rou-----nd about.



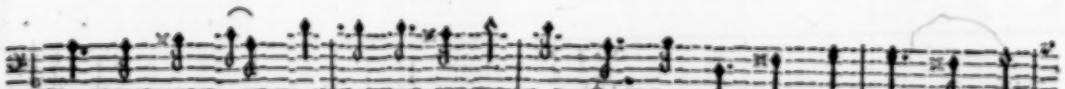
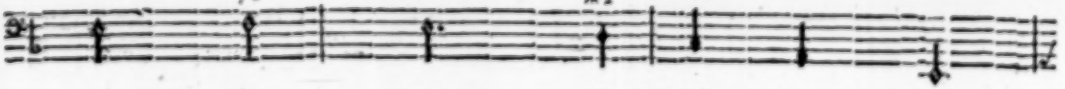
I see the Sword of God brañ-----dish'd above, and from it strea-----ms a dif-



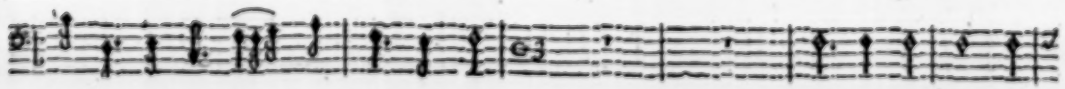
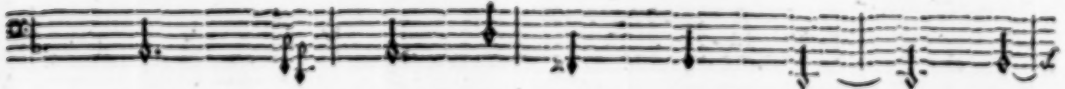
---mal Ray, I see the Scabbard cast away, how red anon with Slaughter will it prove? How will it



sweat and reek in Blood? How will the Scarlet Glutton be o'regorg'd with his

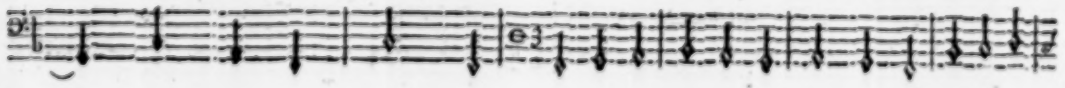


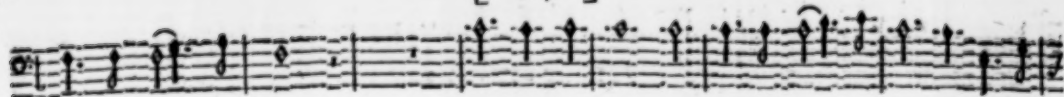
Food, and de--vour all the mighty Feast? Nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest;



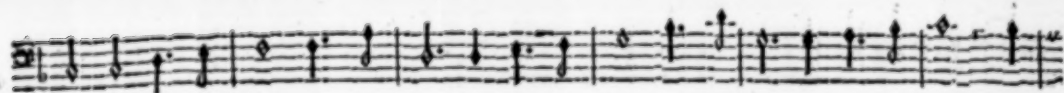
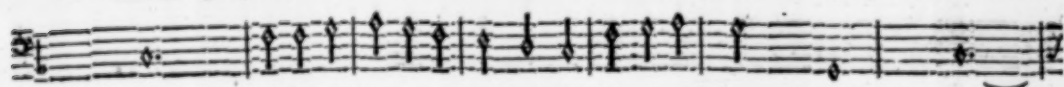
nothing, nothing soon but Bones will rest.

God does a solemn

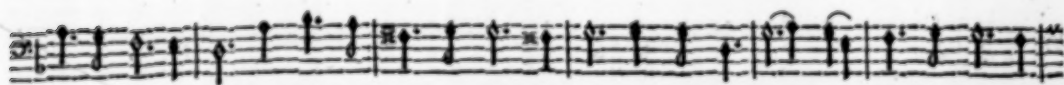
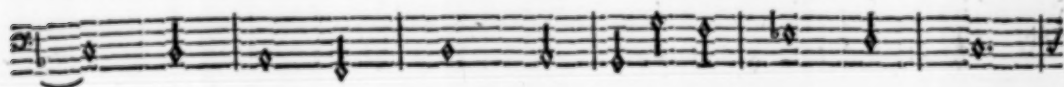




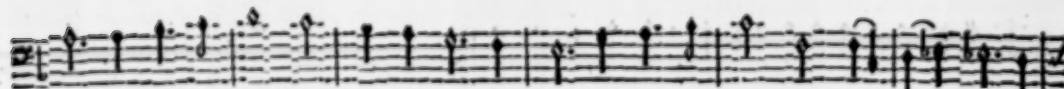
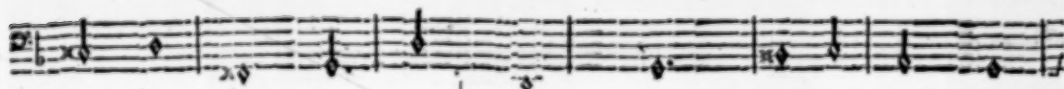
Sa--cri--fice prepa--re, God does a folemn Sa--cri--fice prepa-re, but not of



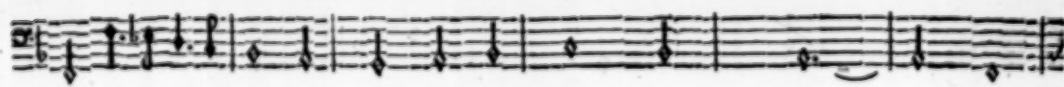
Oxen, nor of Rams; not of Kids, nor of their Dams; not of Heifers, nor of Lambs; the



Altar, all the Land, and all Men in't, the Victims are, since wicked Men's more guilty Blood to



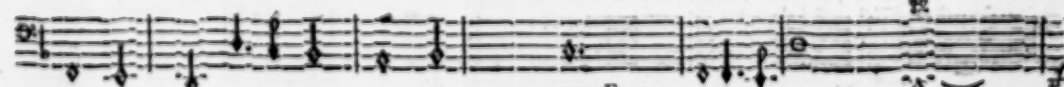
spare: The Beasts so long have sa--cri--fi--ced been, since Men their Birthright for--feit still by

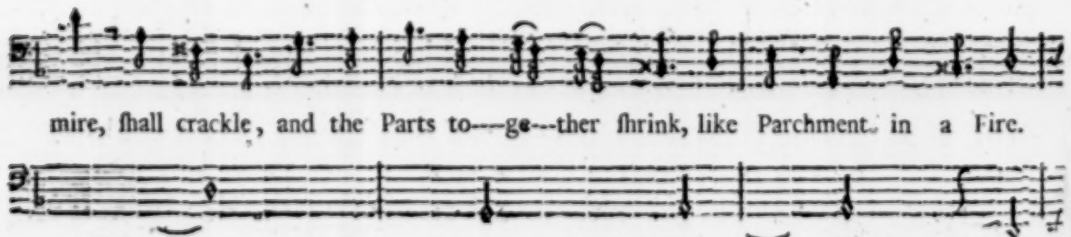
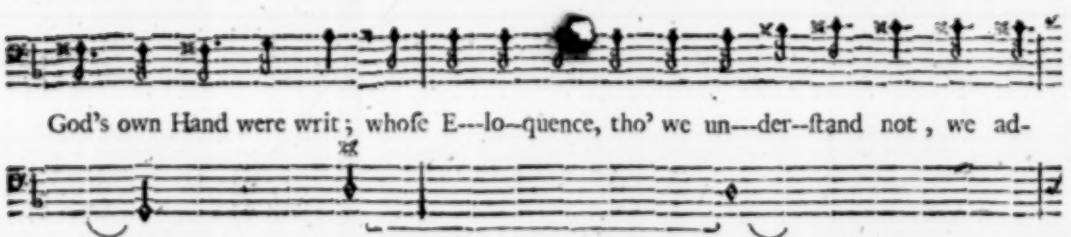
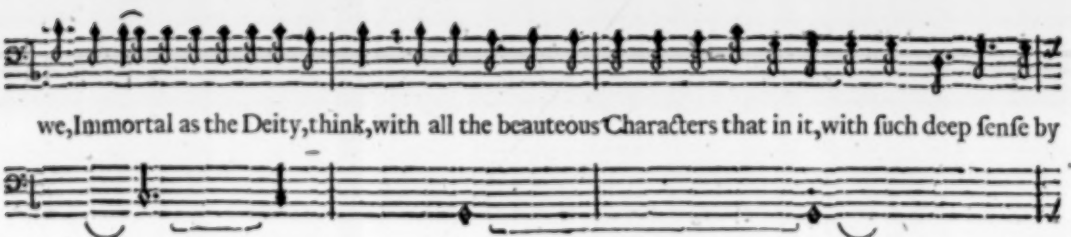
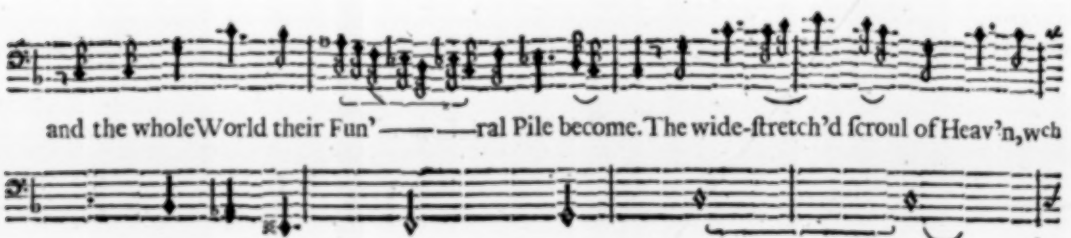
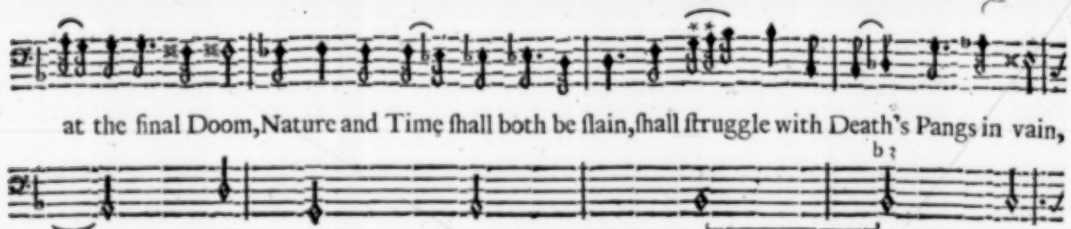
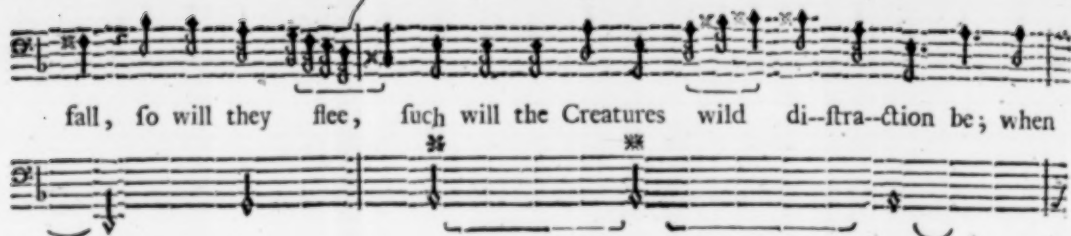


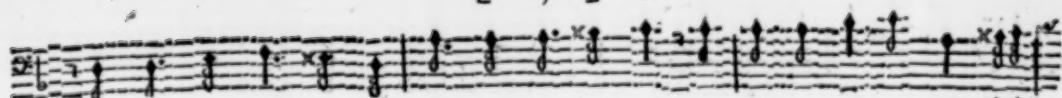
Sin; 'tis fit at last Beasts their Revenge shou'd have, and sa--cri--fi--ced Men their better Brethren



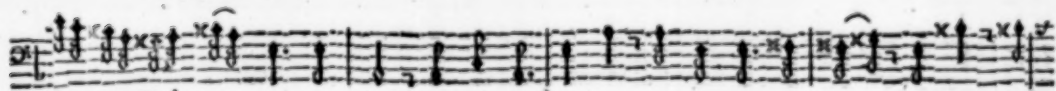
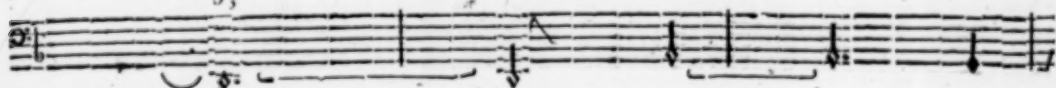
save, and sa--cri--fi--ced Men their better Brethren save. So, so will they



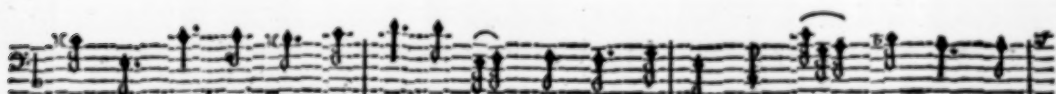
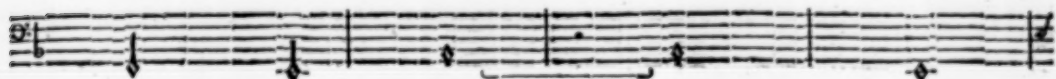




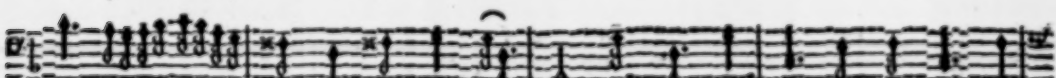
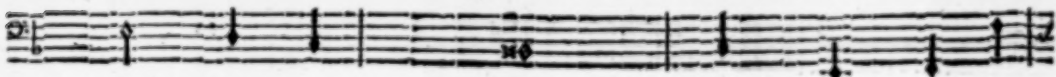
Th'ex-hau-sted Sun to the Moon no more shall lend, but tru-ly then headlong in-



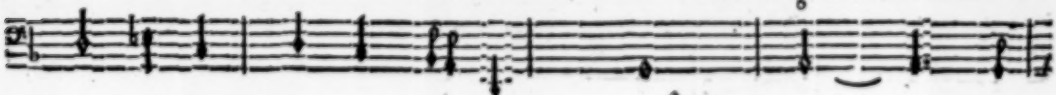
to the Sea descend; the glitt'ring Host now in such fair ar-ray, so proud, so



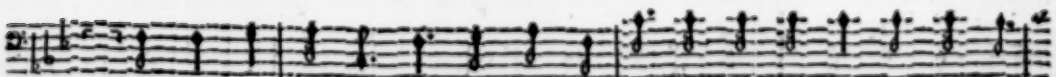
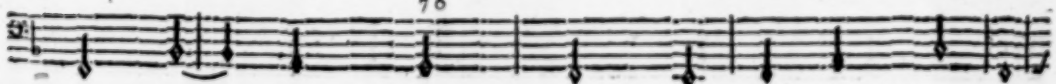
well ap-poin-ted, and so gay; like fearful Troops in some strong Am-bush ta'ne, shall



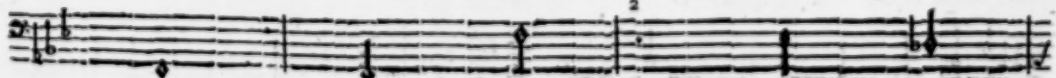
some fly routed, and some fall slain: Thick as ripe Fruit, or yellow Leaves

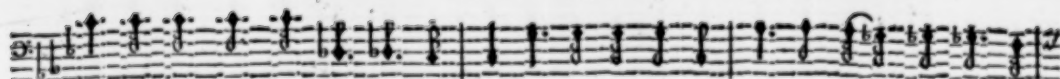


in Autumn fall, with such a vi-o-lent Sto-rm, as blows down Tree and all.

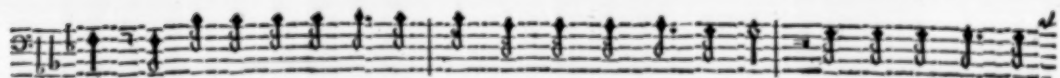
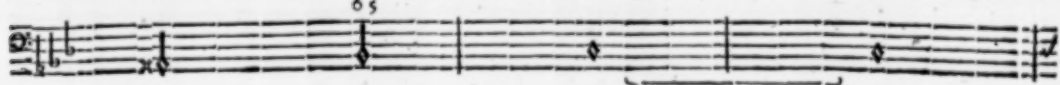


And thou, O cur-fed Land! which wilt not see the pre-ci-pice where thou dost

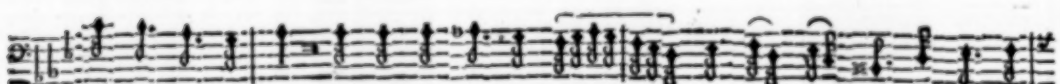
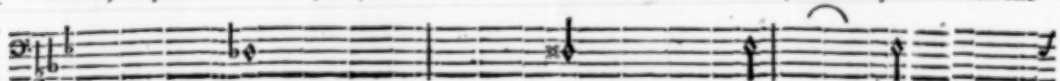




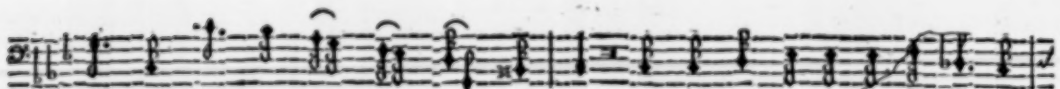
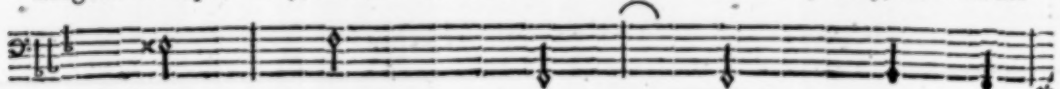
stand; tho' thou stand just up-on the brink, thou of this poyson'd Bowl the bit-ter dregs shalt



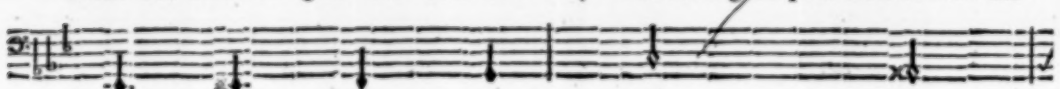
drink; thy Rivers and thy Lakes shall so, with human Blood o'reflow, that they shall fetch the



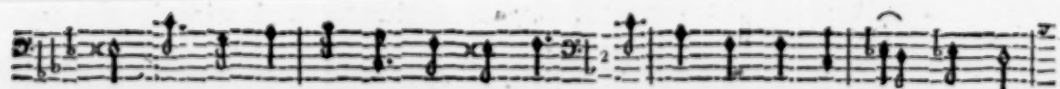
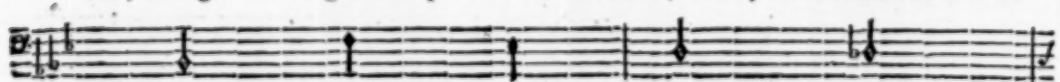
slaughter'd Corps a--way, which in the Fields a--round un-bu-ry'd lay, and rob the



Beasts and Birds to give the Fish their Prey: The rotting Corps shall so in--fect the

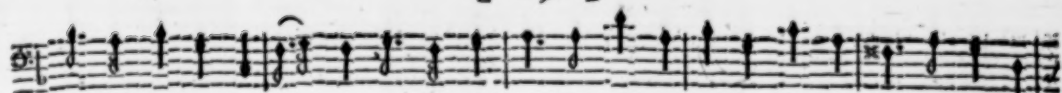


Air, be--get such Plagues and pu--trid Venoms there; that by thine own Dead shall be

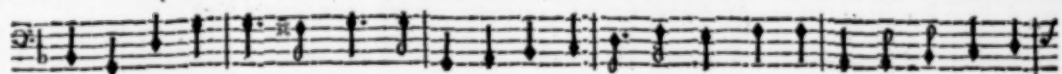
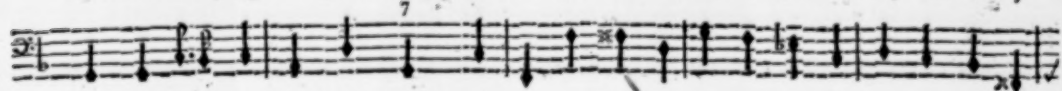


slain, all thy few living that remain. As one who buys fur--veys a Ground,

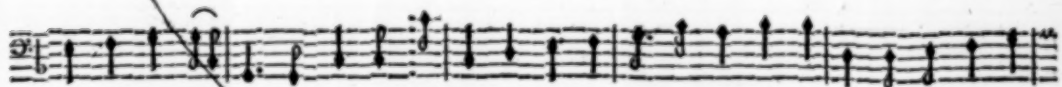
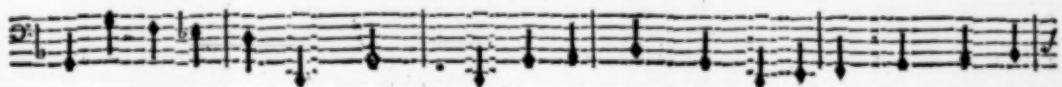




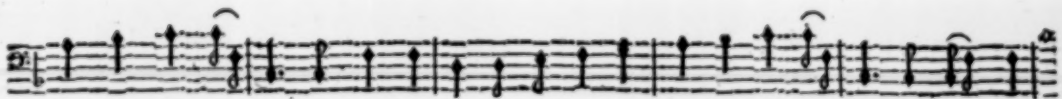
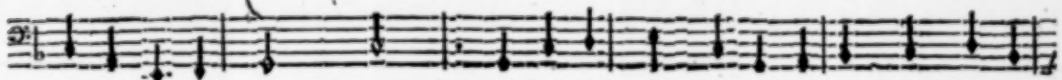
fo the destroying An-gel measures it round; fo careful and fo strict he is, lest a--ny



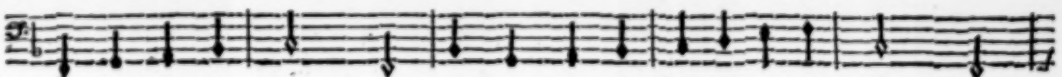
nook or corner he should miss; he walks about the pe--ri-shing Nation, Ruin behind him,



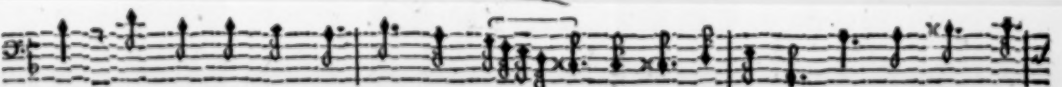
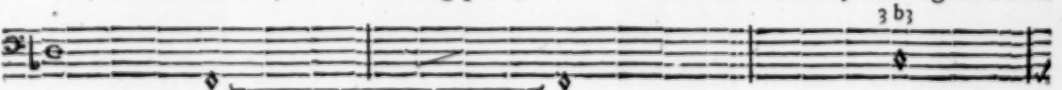
Stalks, and empty De--so--la-tion; he walks about the pe--ri-shing Nation, Ruin behind him,



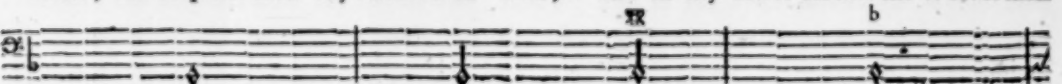
Stalks, and empty De--so--la-tion; Ruin behind him; Stalks, and empty De--so--la-tion.

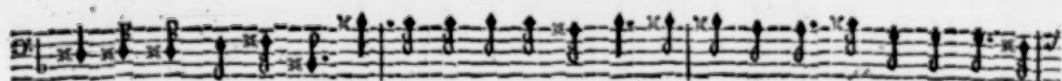


Then shall the Market, and the Pleading-place, be choa — k'd with Brambles, and o'regrown with

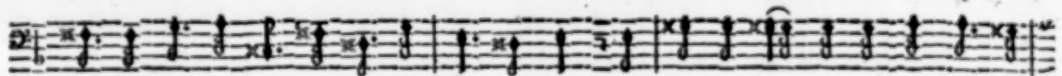
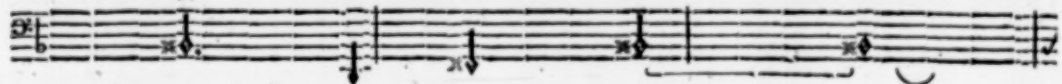


Grafs; the Serpents thro' thy Streets shall roul, and in thy lower Rooms the Wolves shall

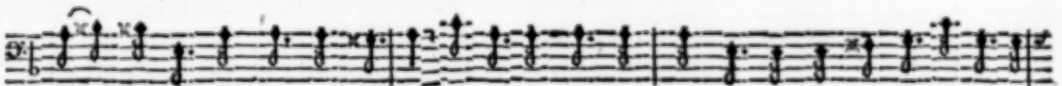




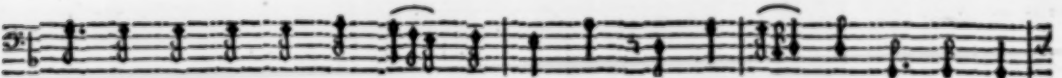
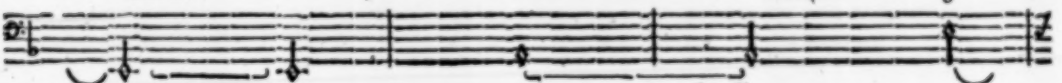
howl, and thy gilt Chambers lodge the Raven and the Owl; and all the wing'd ill Omens of the



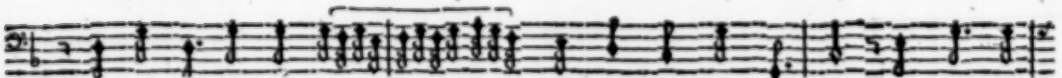
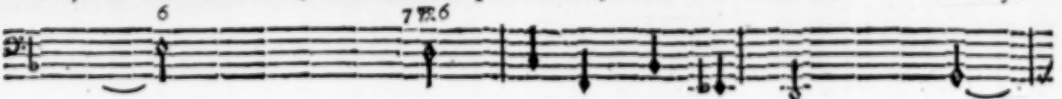
Air, tho' no new Ills can be fore-boded there. The Lyon then shall to the Leopard



say, Brother Leopard, come away! Behold a Land which God hath giv'n us in prey! Behold a



Land, from whence we see, Man-kind expuls'd his, and our com-mon E—ne—my!

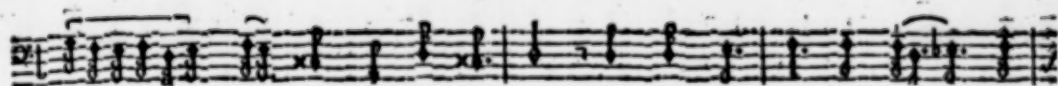


The Brother Leopard sha—kes him—self, and does not stay. The glutton

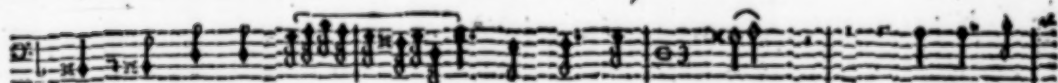
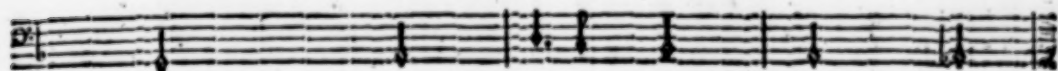


Vultures shall expect in vain, new Armies to be slain, shall find at last their Bus'ness done, leave their con-

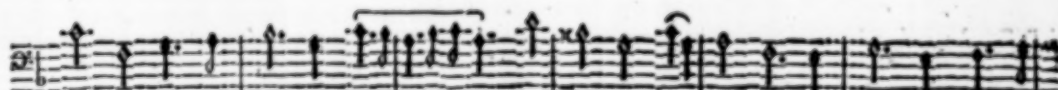
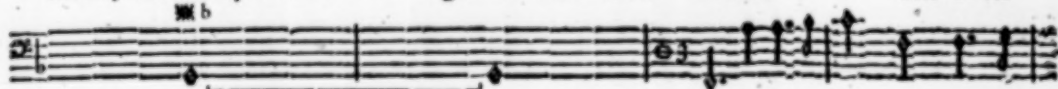




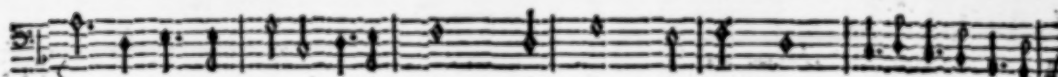
fu———med Quarters, and be gone: Th'un—bu—ry'd Ghosts shall fad——ly



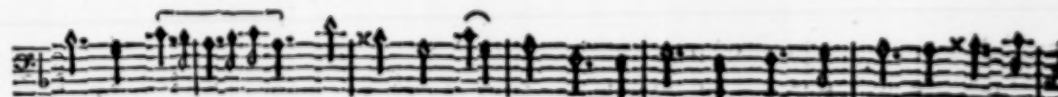
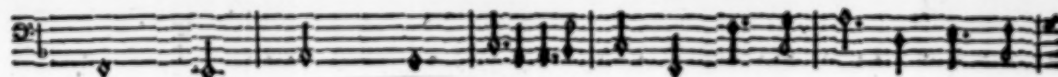
moan, the Sa—tyrs lau——gh to hear them Groan. The e—vil



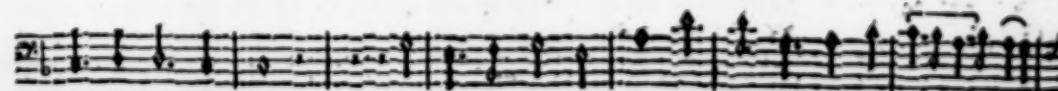
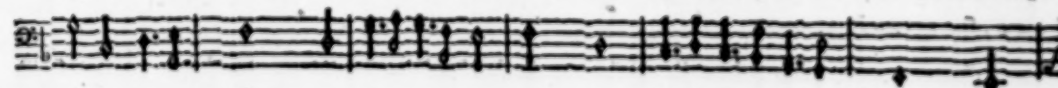
Spirits that delight to Dan——ce and Revel in the mask of Night, the Moon and



Stars their sole Spe—cta—tors shall affright; the e—vil Spi—rits that de—

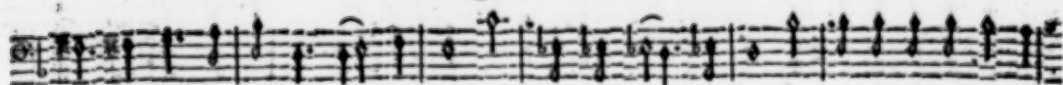


light to Dan——ce and Re—vel in the mask of Night, the Moon and Stars their sole Spe—

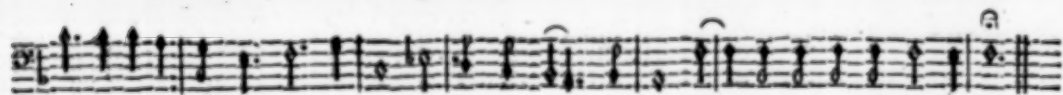
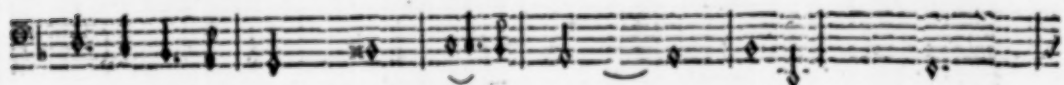


ctators shall affright; and if of lost Mankind, ought happen to be left be—

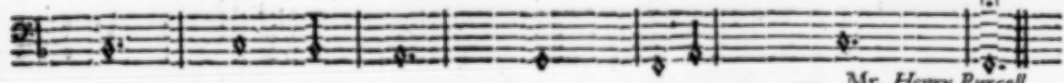




hind, if a--ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall lurk, Beasts in the Palaces shall



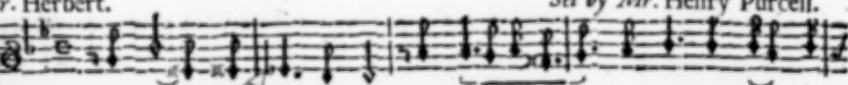
reign; if a-ny Reliques but remain, they in the Dens shall lurk, Feasts in their Palaces shall reign.



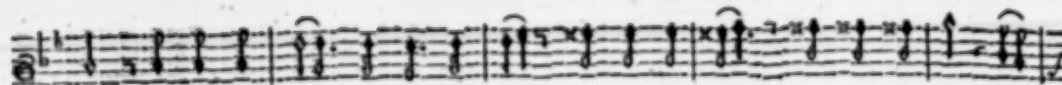
Mr. Henry Purcell,

The Words by Mr. Herbert.

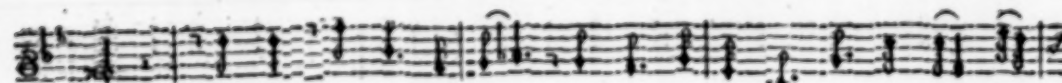
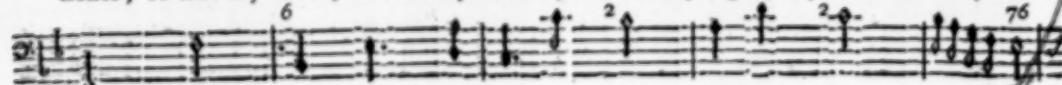
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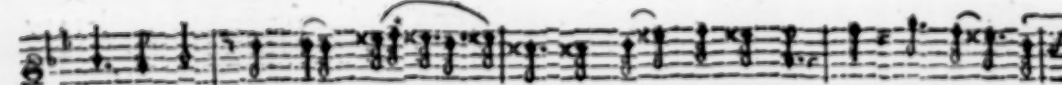
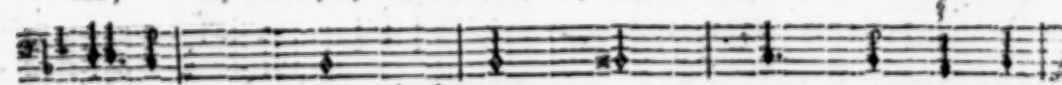
With sick and famish'd Eyes, with dou—bling Knees, and weary



Bones, to thee my Cries, to thee my Groans, to thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend, no

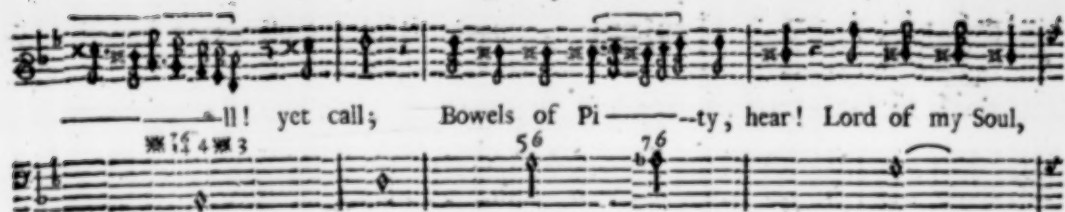


end; my Throat, my Soul is hoarse, my Heart is wither'd, like a Ground which

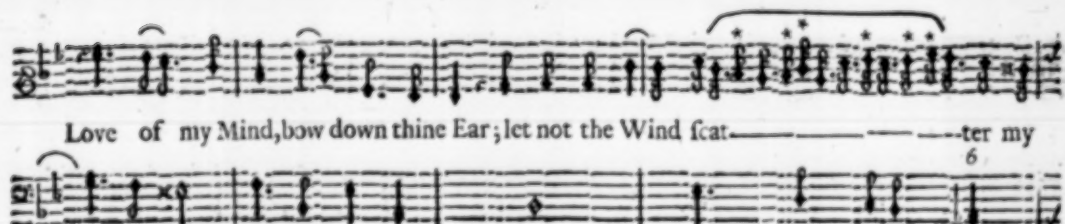


thou dost curse: My Thoughts tur—n round, and make me giddy, Lord! Lord! I fa--

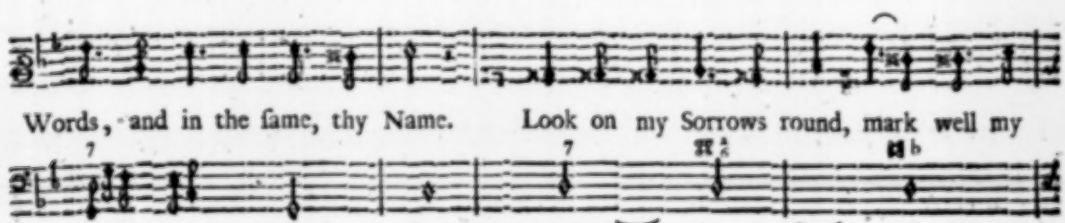




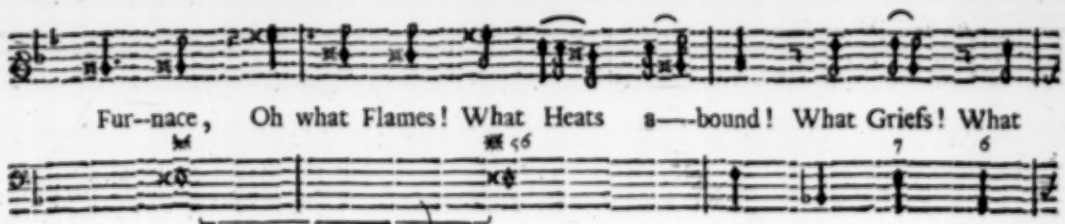
—ll! yet call; Bowels of Pi—ty, hear! Lord of my Soul,



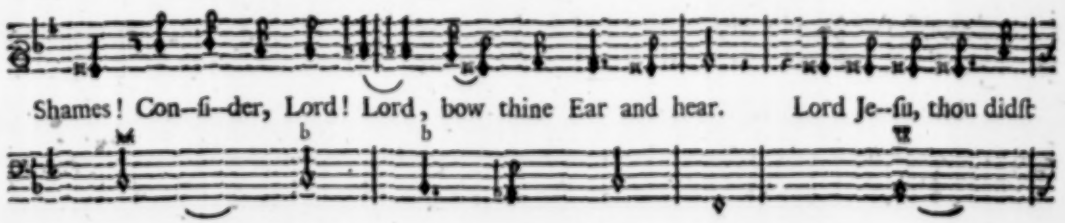
Love of my Mind, bow down thine Ear; let not the Wind scat—ter my



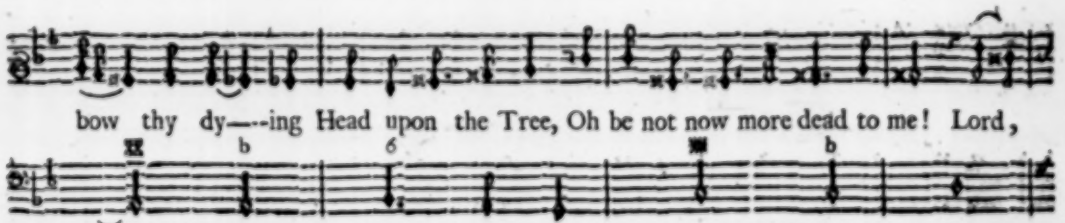
Words, and in the same, thy Name. Look on my Sorrows round, mark well my



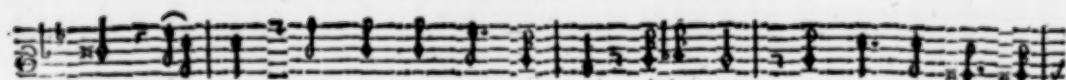
Fur-nace, Oh what Flames! What Heats a—bound! What Griefs! What



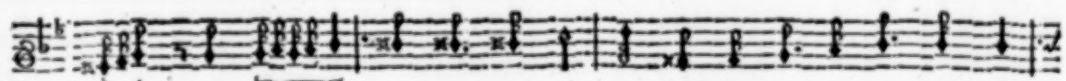
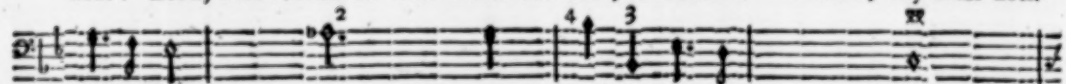
Shames! Con-si-der, Lord! Lord, bow thine Ear and hear. Lord Je-su, thou didst



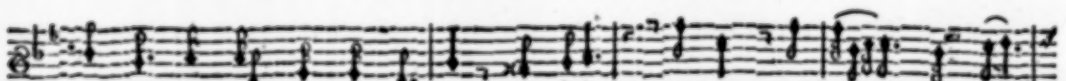
bow thy dy—ing Head upon the Tree, Oh be not now more dead to me! Lord,



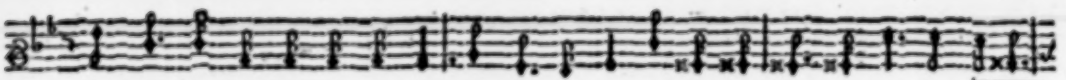
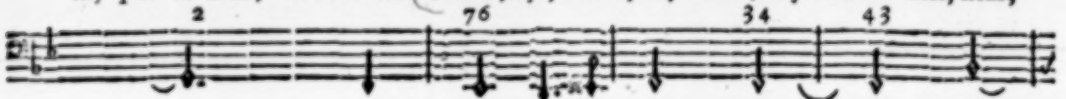
hear! Lord, hear! Shall he that made the Ear, not hear? Behold, thy Dust doth



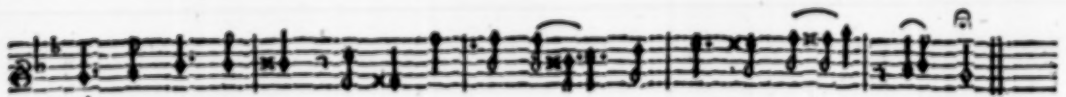
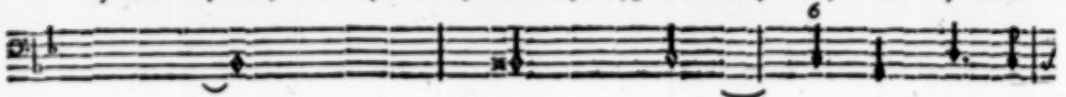
stir, it moves, it creeps to thee, do not de-fer to suc-cour me,



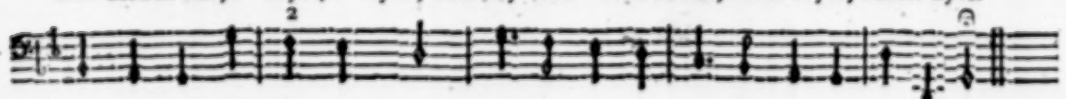
thy pile of Dust, wherein each Crumb, says, Come, my Love, my Sweet—nefs, hear,



by these thy Feet, at w^{ch} my Heart lyes all the year; pluck out thy Dart, and heal my trou-



—bled Breaft, w^{ch} cries, w^{ch} dyes; heal my trou—bled Breaft, which cries, which dyes.

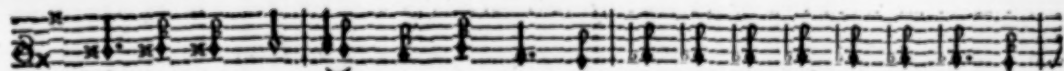


Words by Dr. William Fuller, late Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

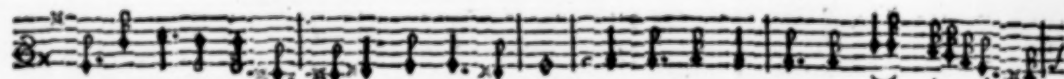
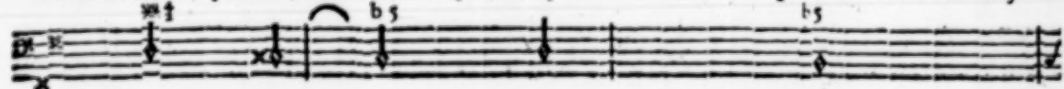
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



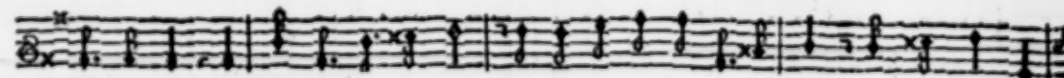
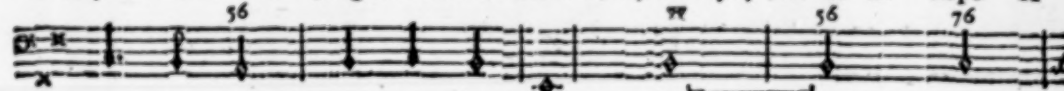
N the black dismal Dungeon of Despair, pin'd with tormenting Care;



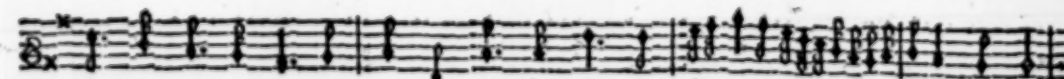
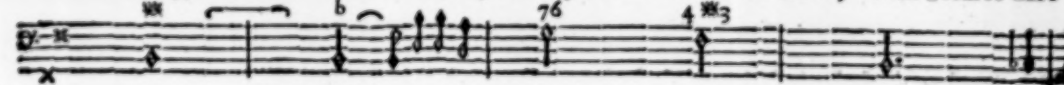
wrack'd with my Fears, drown'd in my Tears, with dreadful ex-pe-cta-tion of my



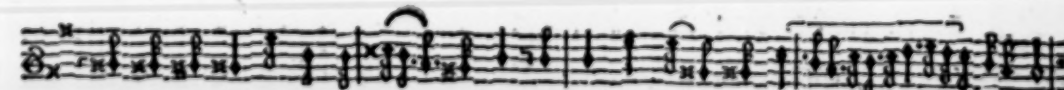
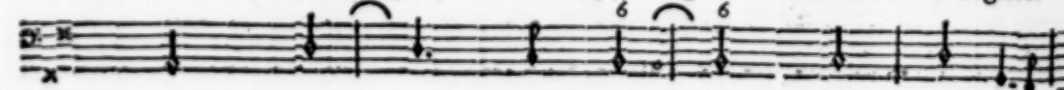
Doom, and certain horrid Judgment soon to come: Lord, here I lye, lost to all hope of



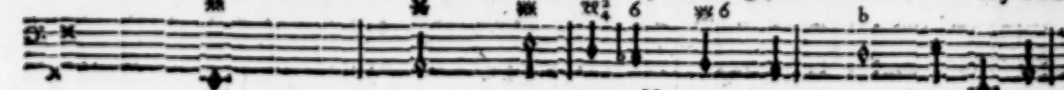
Li-ber-ty, hence never to remove, but by a Mi-ra-cle of Love; which I scarce dare

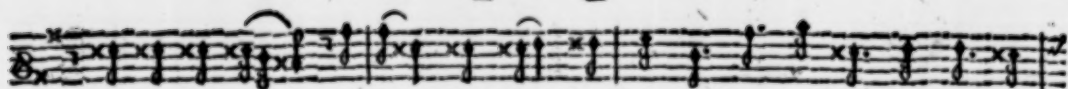


hope for, or expect, be'ng guilty of so long, so grea ——— t neglect.

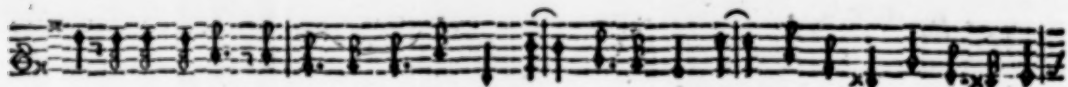
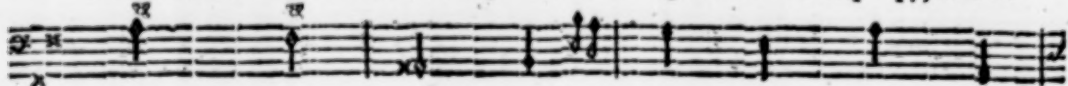


Fool that I was, worthy a shar—per Rod, to slight thy Courtings, O ——— my God!

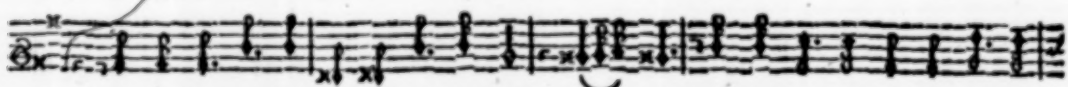
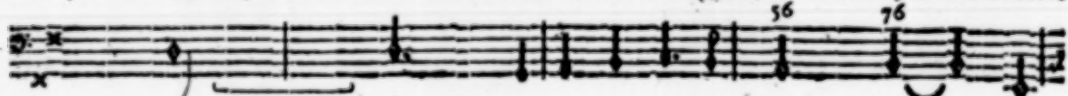




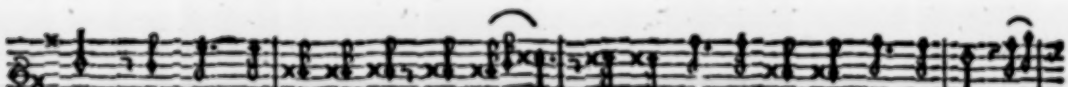
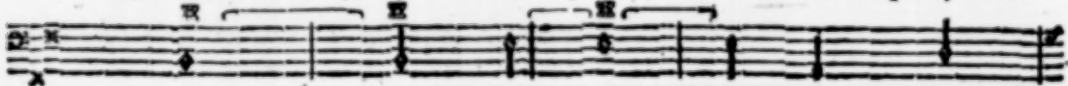
For thou did'st woe intreat, and grieve, did'st beg me to be hap-py, and to



live; but I wou'd not; I chofe to dwell with Death, far, far from thee, far, far from thee, too near to Hell:



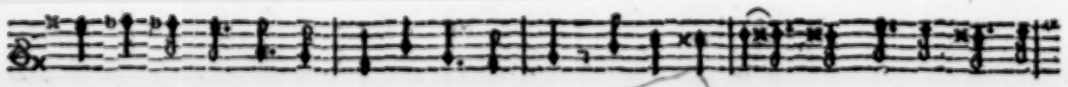
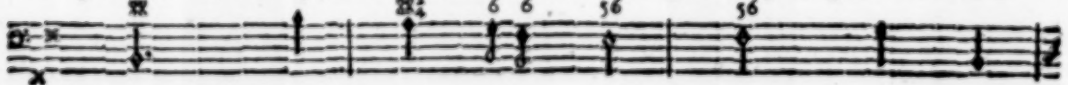
But is there no Redemption, no Relief! *Je — su!* is there no Redemption, no Re-



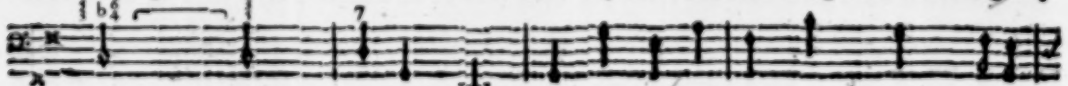
lie! Thou sav'd'st a Mag-da-len, a Thief! Is there no Redemption, no Relief! O

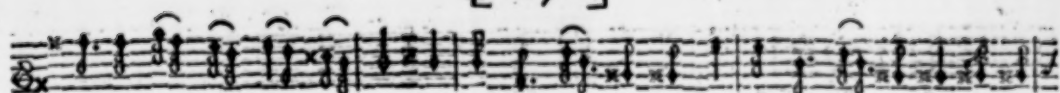


Je—su! thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance; O give me, O give me such a

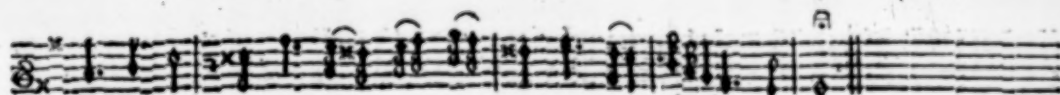
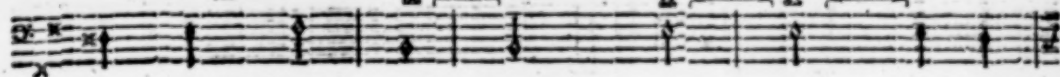


Glance! O give me such a Glance as *Pe-ter* had! thy sweet kind chi--ding Look will change my

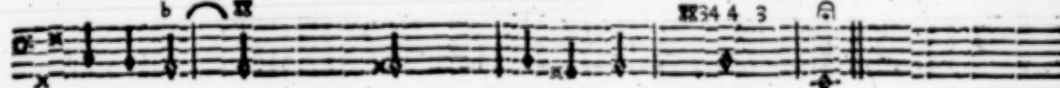




Heart, as it did melt that Rock. Look on me, sweet *Jesu*! Look on me, sweet *Jesu*! as thou

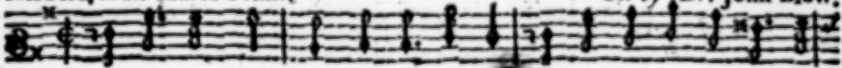


didst on him, 'tis more than to cre--ate, thus, thus, to redeem.

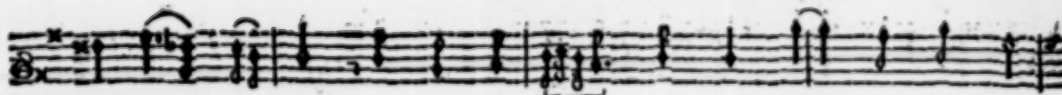
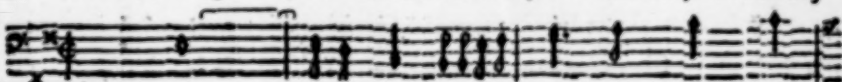


Words by Mr. George Herbert, in his *Church-Poems*.

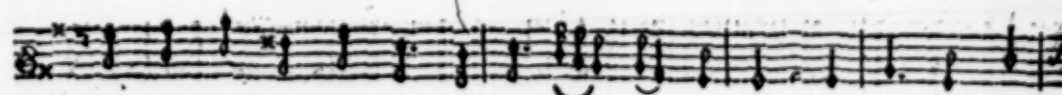
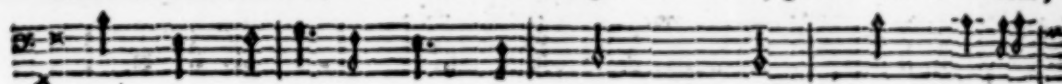
Set by Dr. John Blow.



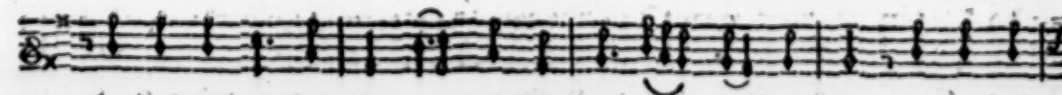
And art thou griev'd, sweet and sacred Dove, when I am four, and cross thy



Love! Griev'd for me; the God of Strength and Pow'r; griev'd for a Worm,

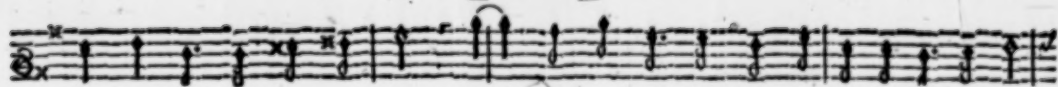


which when I tread, I pass a-way, and leave it dead. Then weep, mine Eyes,

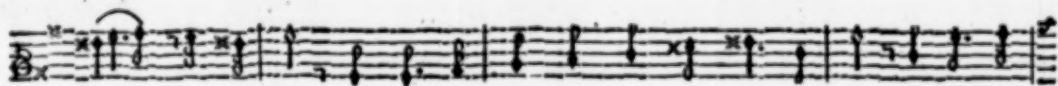


the God of Love doth grieve; weep, foolish Heart, and weeping live; for Death is

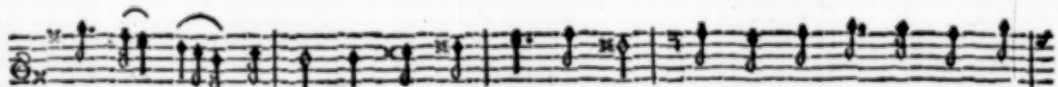




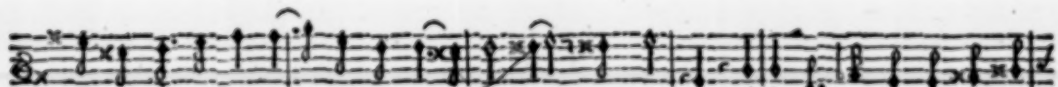
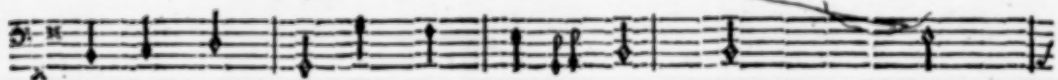
dry as Duft; yet if ye part, end as the Night, whose fable Hew your Sins exprefs,



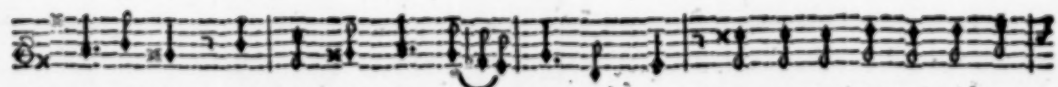
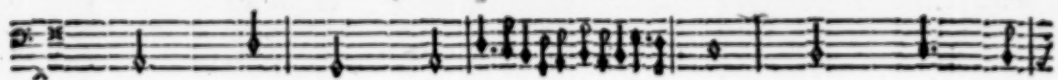
melt in to Dew: When saw-cy Mirth shall knock, or call at Door, cry out, Get



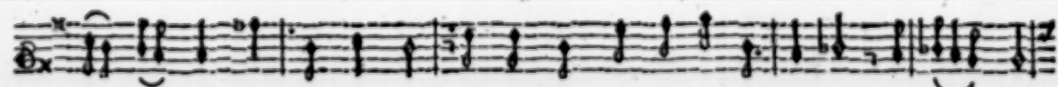
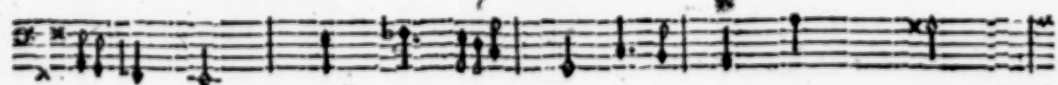
hence, or cry no more; Al-migh-ty God does grieve, he puts on Sense: I fin not



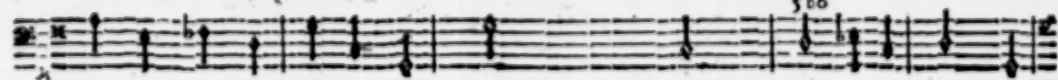
to my Grief alone, but to my Gods too he doth groan. Oh! Oh! take thy Lute, and tune it



to a strain, which may with thee all day complain; there can no Discord but in

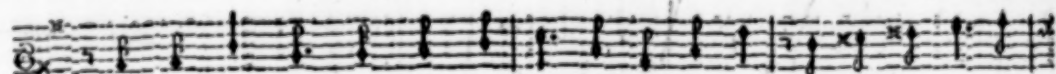
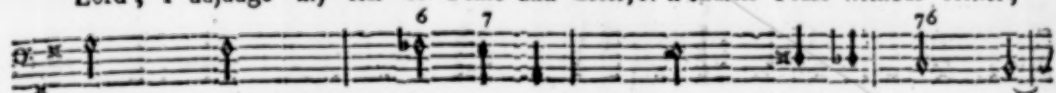


cea-sing be; Marbles can weep, and surely Strings more Bowels have, than such hard things.

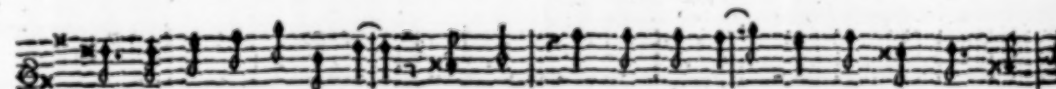
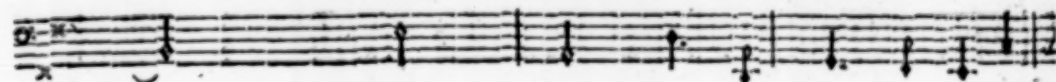




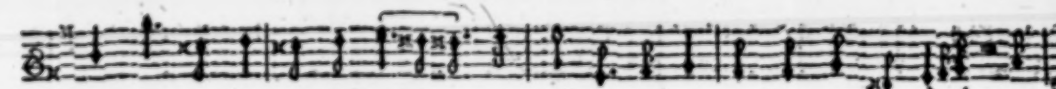
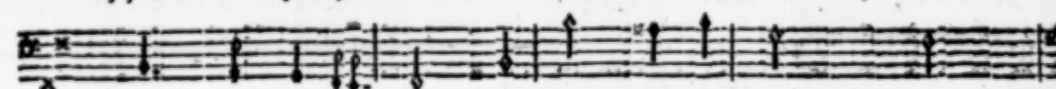
Lord, I adjudge my self to Tears and Grief, ev'n endless Tears without Relief;



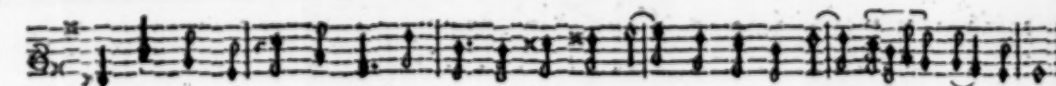
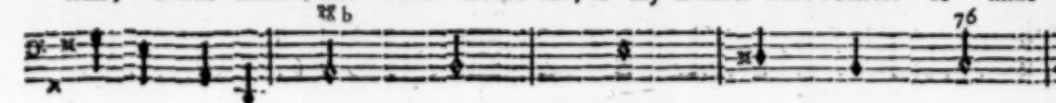
if a clear Spring for me no time forbears, but runs, although I be not



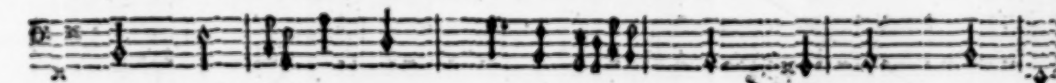
dry; I am no Crystal, what shall I? Yet if I wail not still, since still to

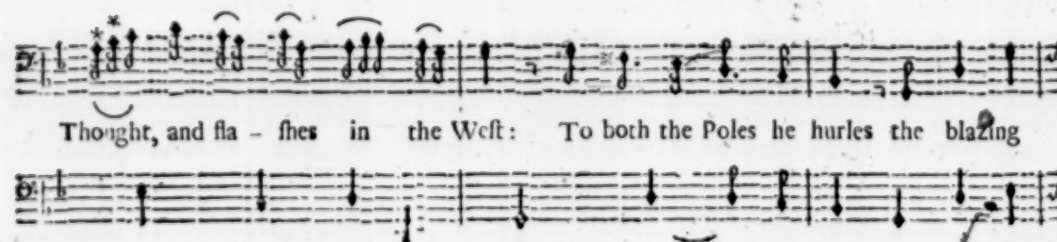
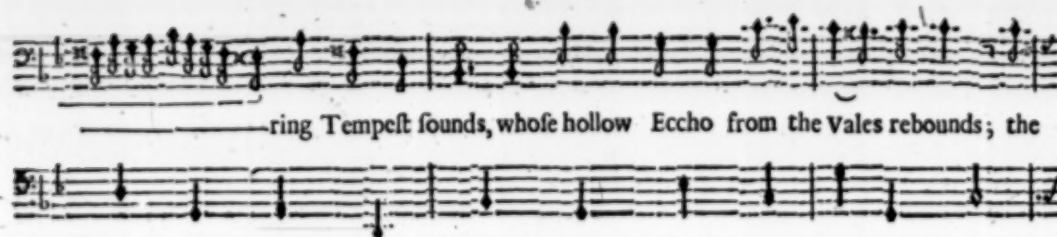
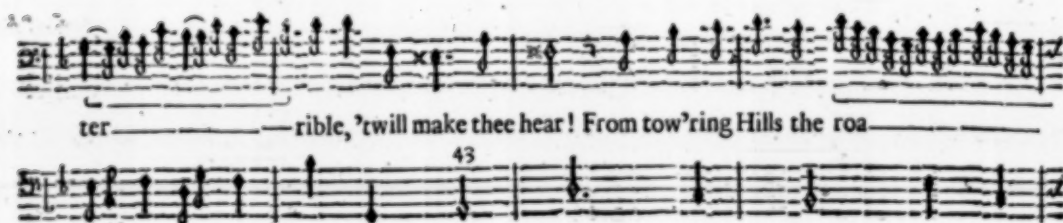
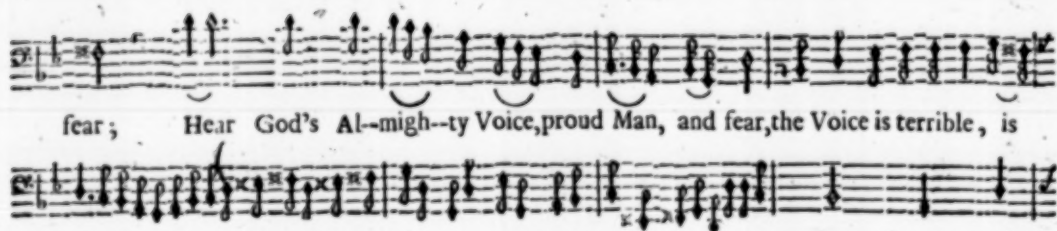
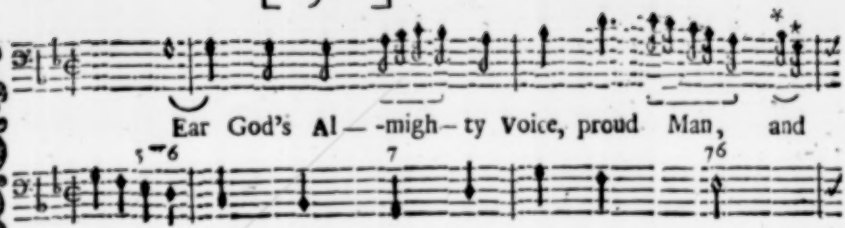


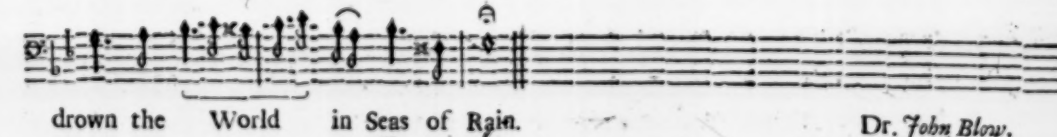
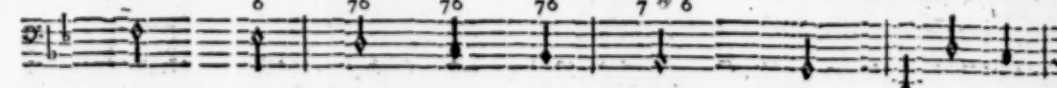
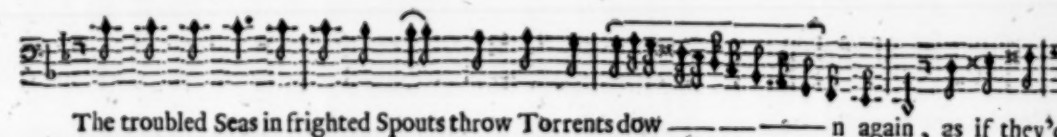
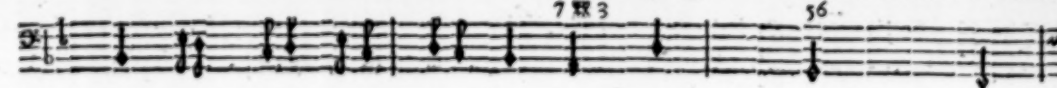
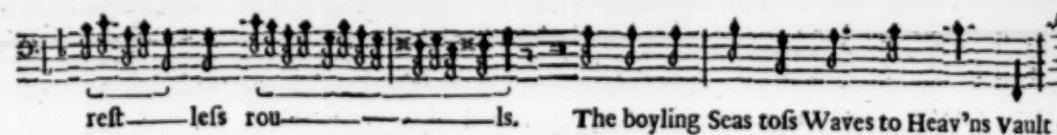
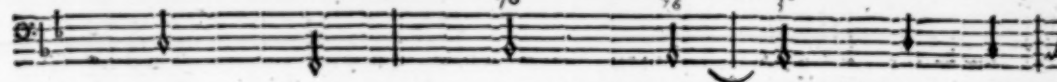
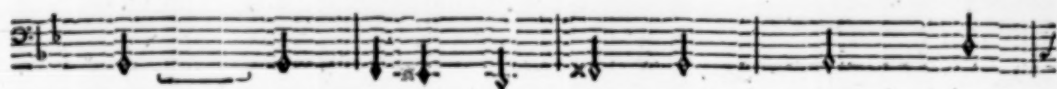
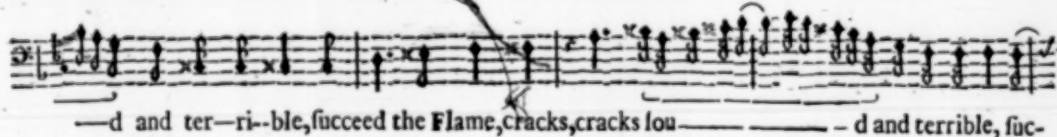
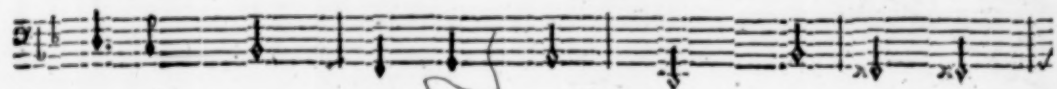
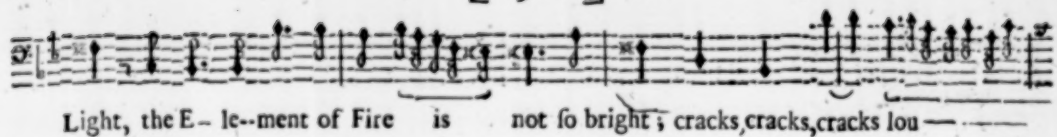
wail, Natures denies, and Flesh would fail, if my Deserts were Masters of mine



Eyes. Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good my want of Tears, my want of Tears, with store of Blood.

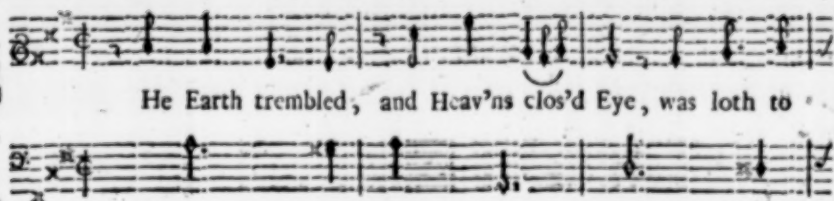




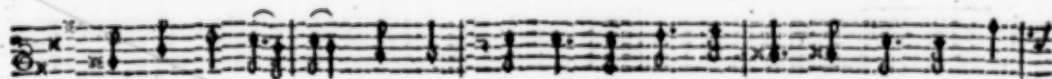


Dr. John Blow.

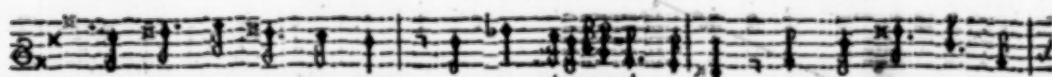
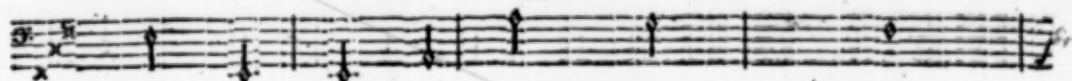
On our Saviour's Passion. [32]



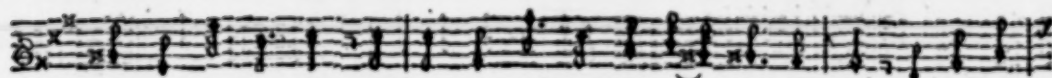
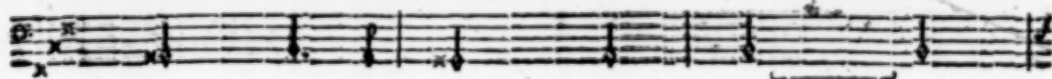
He Earth trembled, and Heav'ns clos'd Eye, was loth to



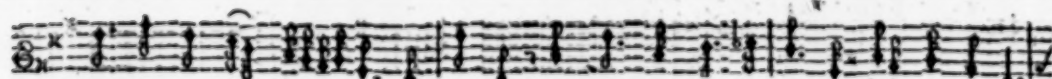
see the Lord of Glo—ry dye; The Sky was clad in Mourning, and the Spheres



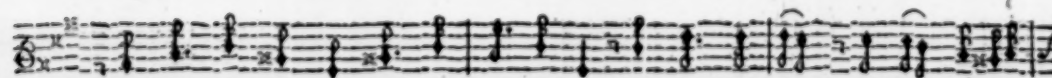
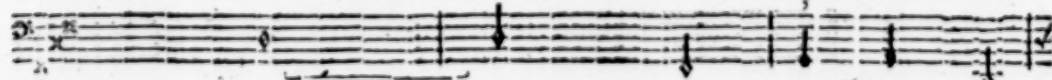
for—get their Har—mo—ny, the Clouds drop'd Tears: Th'ambitious Dead a—



rose to give him room, and ev'—ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb. Th'affrighted



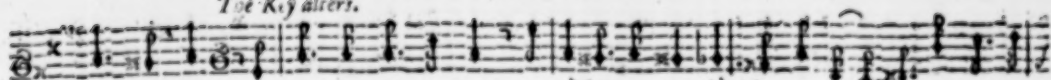
Heav'ns sent down E—le—gious Thunder, the World's Foundation loos'd to lose its Founder.



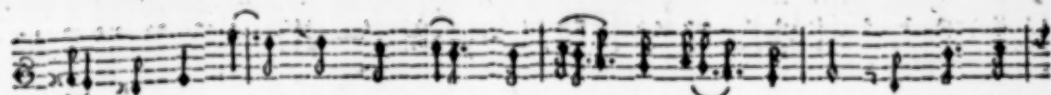
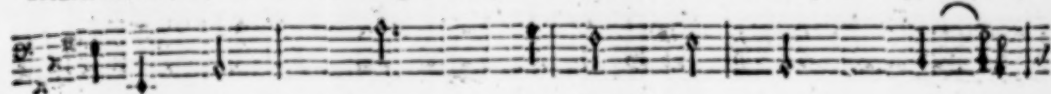
Th'impatient Temple rent her Vail in two, to teach our Hearts what our



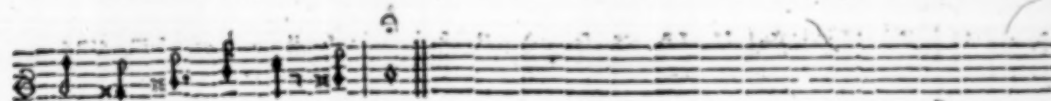
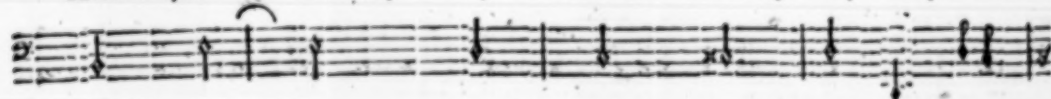
The Key alters.



Hearts should do. Can senseless things do this; and shall not I melt one poor drop, to see my

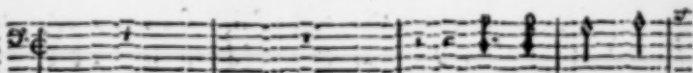
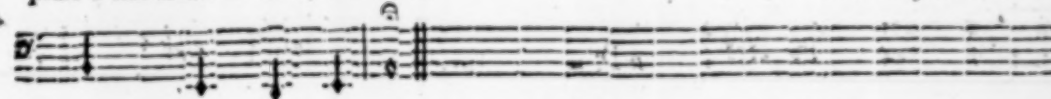


Saviour dye? Drill forth my Tears, and trickle one by one, 'till you have

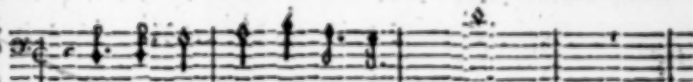


pierc'd this Heart of mine, this Stone.

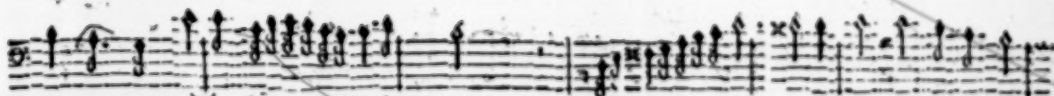
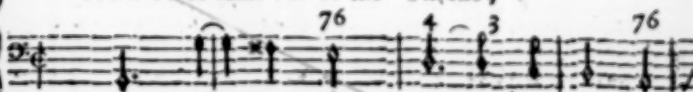
Mr. Henry Purcell.



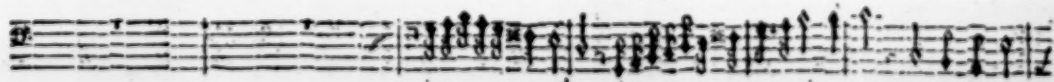
Nd a Voice came



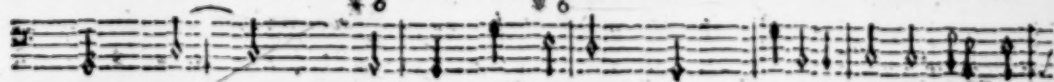
Nd a Voice came out of the Throne,



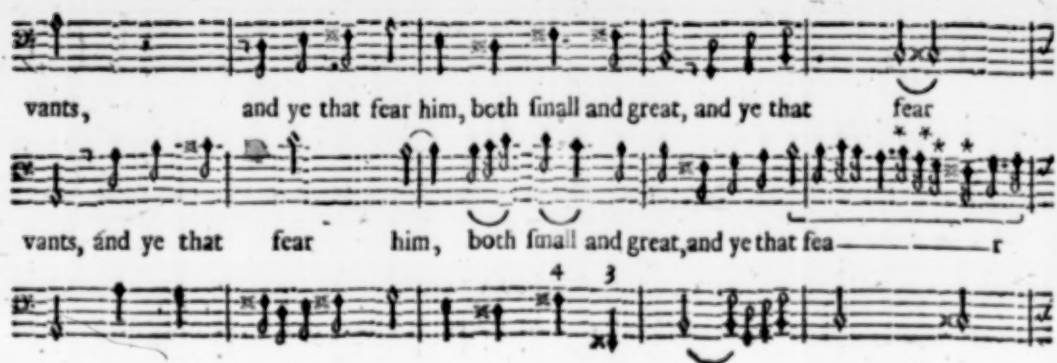
out of the Throne, say—ing, Prai—se our God; all ye his Ser-



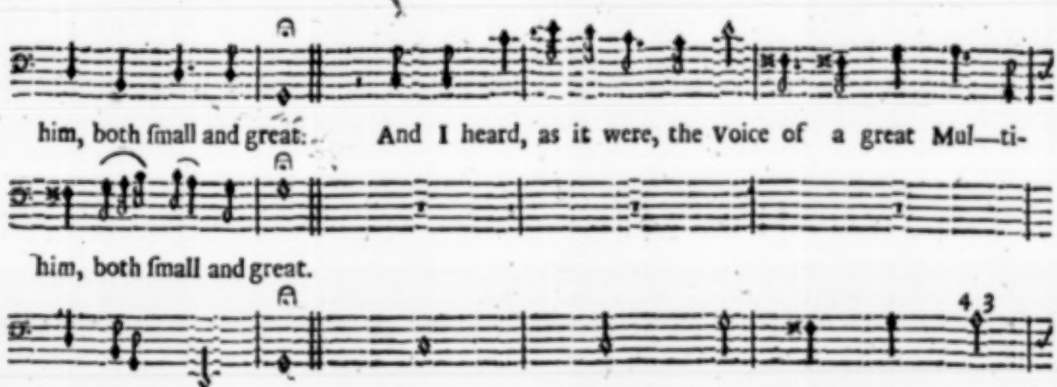
say—ing, Prai—se our God, all ye his Ser-



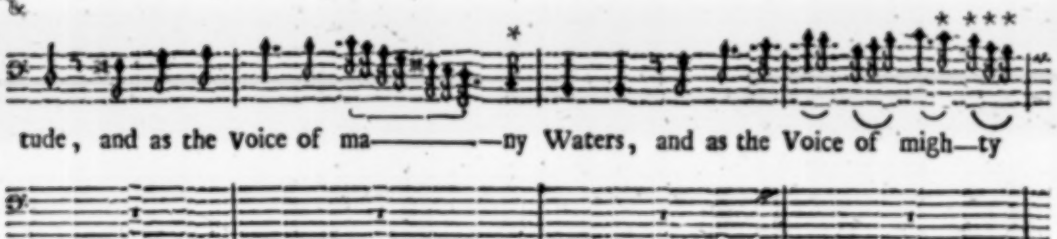
R



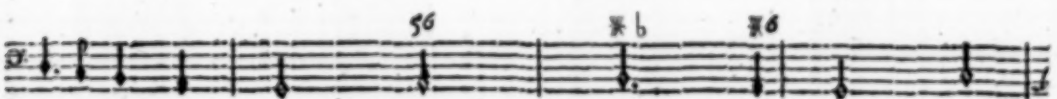
vants, and ye that fear him, both small and great, and ye that fear
 vants, and ye that fear him, both small and great, and ye that fear



him, both small and great. And I heard, as it were, the Voice of a great Mul-ti-
 him, both small and great.



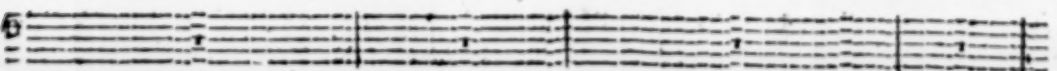
tude, and as the Voice of many Waters, and as the Voice of might



Thun—



drings, saying,



Thun—



Thun—

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

43 6

Hal-le-lu-jab: For the Lord God om-

Hal-le-lu-jab: For the Lord God om-

ni-po-tent reigneth, for the Lord God om-ni-po-tent reigneth. Let us be

ni-po-tent reigneth, for the Lord God om-ni-po-tent reigneth.

glad, and re-joyce, Let us be glad, and rejoyce, re-joyce,

Let us be glad, and re-joyce, Let us be glad, and rejoyce,

and give ho—nour to him, and give ho—nour

and give ho—nour to him, and give ho—nour

to him, for the marriage of the Lamb, the marriage of the Lamb is come;

to him, for the marriage of the Lamb, the marriage of the Lamb is come;

for the marriage of the Lamb, for the marriage of the Lamb is come, the marriage of the Lamb, the

for the marriage of the Lamb is come, is come, for the marriage of the

marriage of the Lamb is come, the marriage of the Lamb is come,

Lamb is come, the marriage of the Lamb is come.



Ow art thou
Ow art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!

fall'n from Heav'n, art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou
art thou fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! How art thou

fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer!
fall'n from Heav'n, O Lu-ci-fer! Son of the

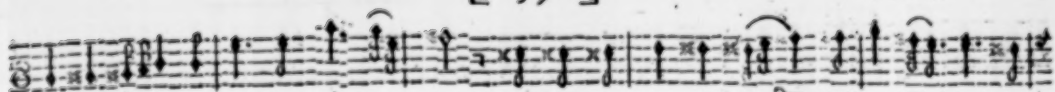
How art thou cut down to the Ground!
Morning, Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to the

How art thou cut down to the Ground, to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the
ground, art thou cut down, cut down to the Ground! Thou that didst weaken the

Nations, that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut down, art thou,
Nations, Thou that didst weaken the Nations, how art thou cut do—

art thou cut down! I will ascend in-to the
—wn, art thou cut down! For thou said'st in thy Heart,

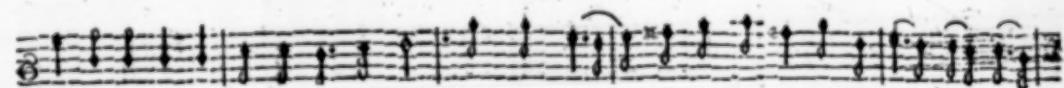
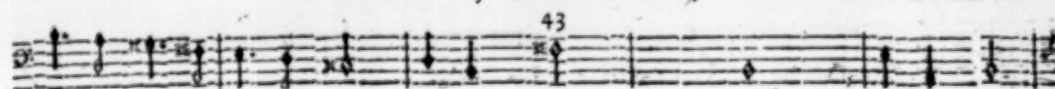
Heav'ns, I will ascend into the Heav'ns. I will ex-
for thou said'st in thy Heart, I will ascend, ascend, in-to the Heav'ns.



alt my Throne above the Stars of God, I will ex-alt my Throne above the Stars of



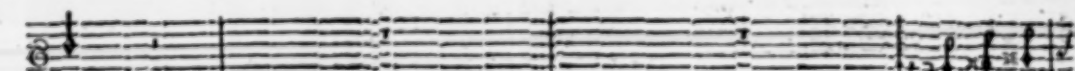
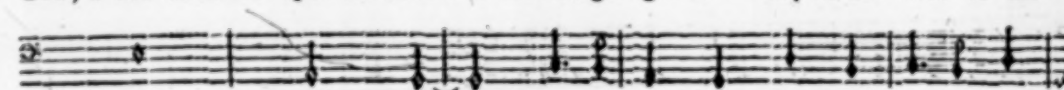
I will exalt my Throne a-bove, above the Stars of



God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount of the Con-gre-ga-ti-on, in the Sides of the

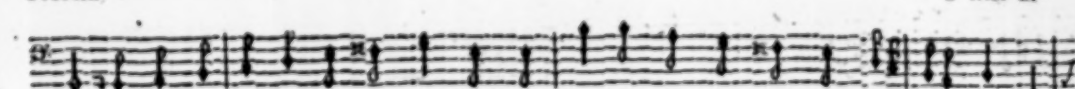


God; I will sit al-fo upon the Mount of the Con-gre-ga-ti-on, in the sides of the

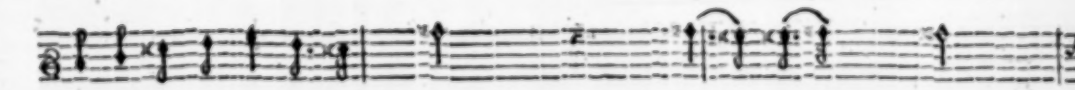


North.

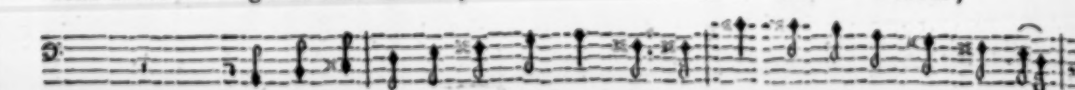
I will af-



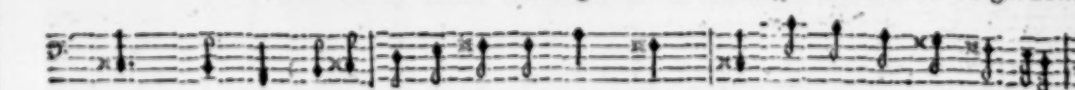
North. I will ascend above the height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down in-to Hell;

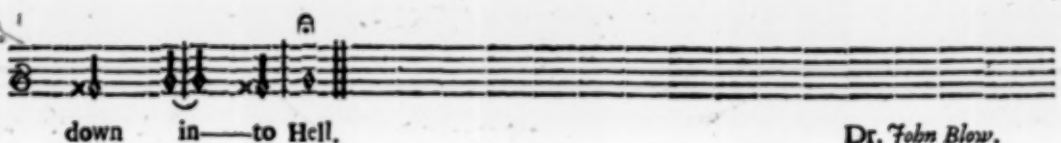
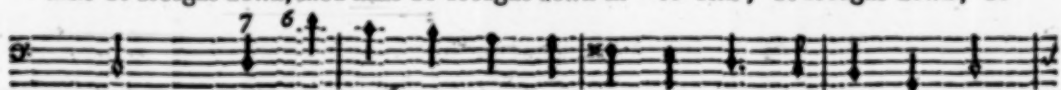
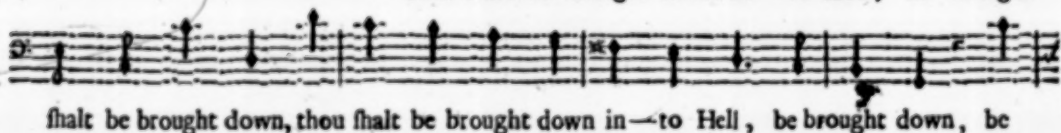
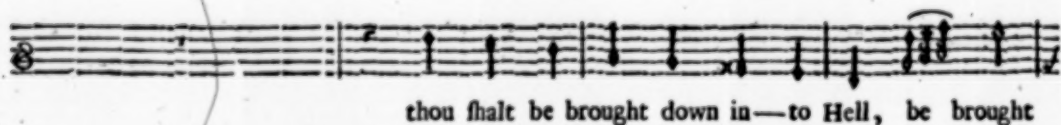
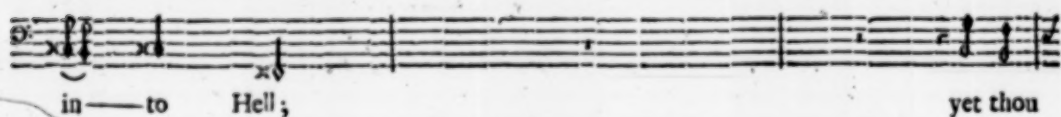
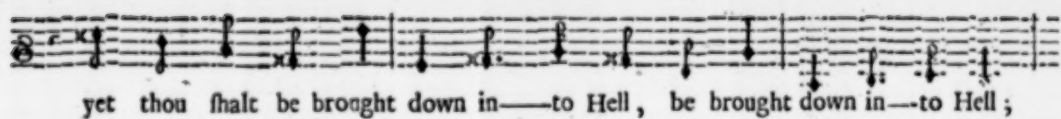


cend above the height of the Clouds, of the Clouds,

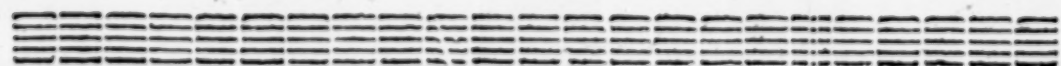
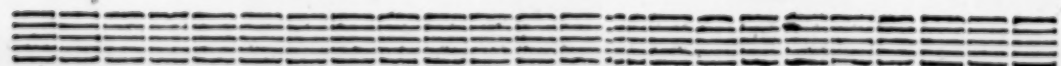
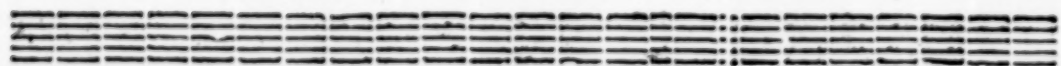
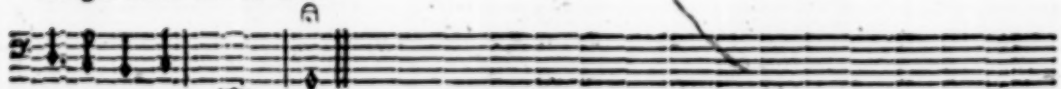
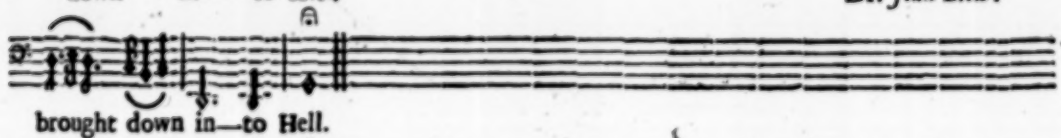


I will ascend above the height of the Clouds, yet thou shalt be brought down

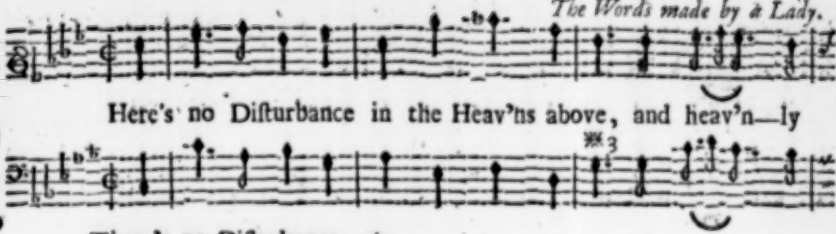




Dr. John Blow.

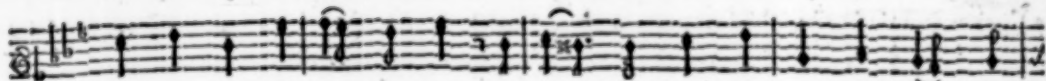


Ad 1. vel 2. Voc.

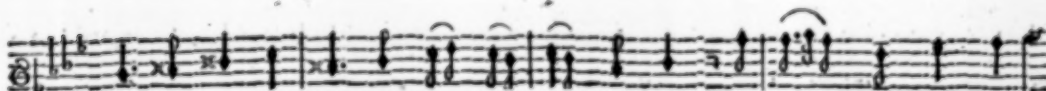
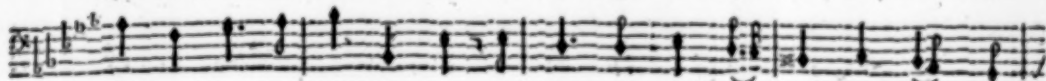
The Words made by a Lady.

Here's no Disturbance in the Heav'ns above, and heav'n—ly

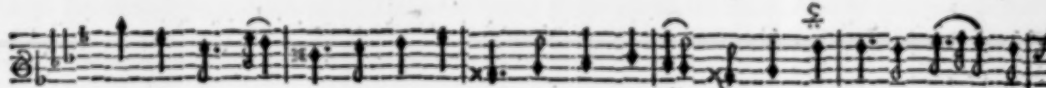
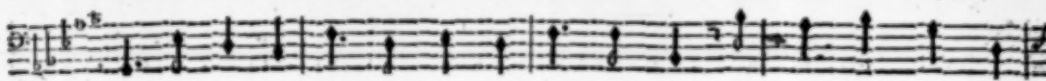
There's no Disturbance, &c.



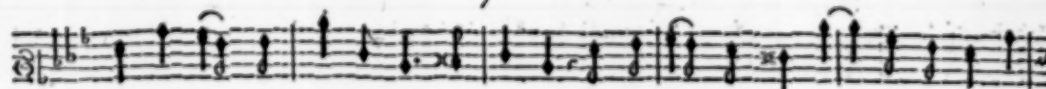
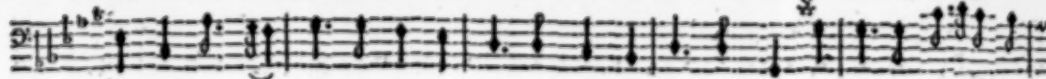
Souls do nothing else but love; no An—ger, no Remorse, no Dis—con—



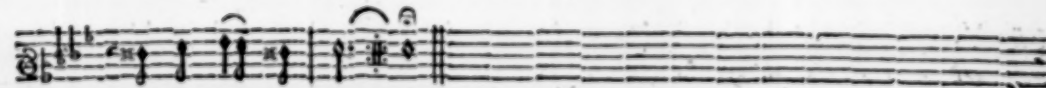
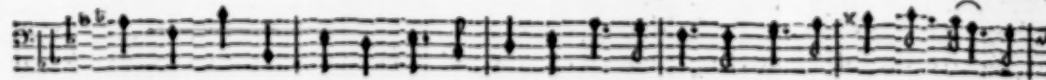
tent, can seize a Soul that's tru—ly In—no—cent; and aims at nought, but



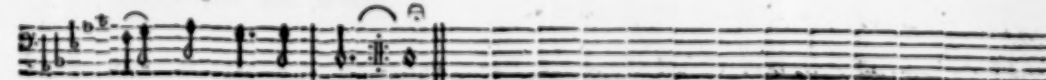
that she may combine, with all she finds like to her self Divine: And seeing things in



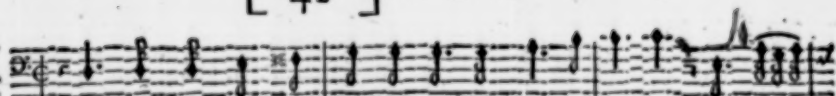
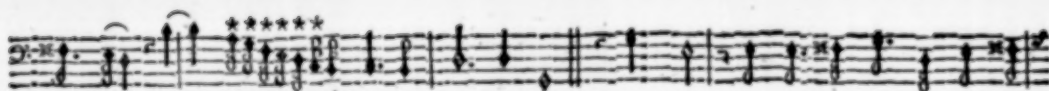
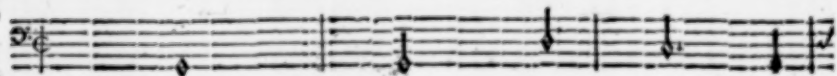
such con—fu—sion hur!d, does not contend with, but despise the World, does not contend with,



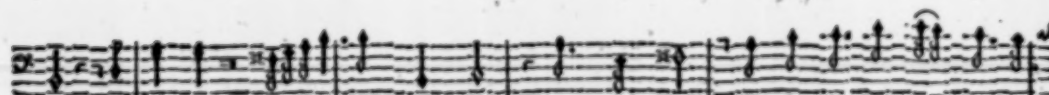
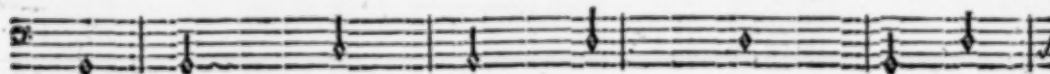
'but despise the World.



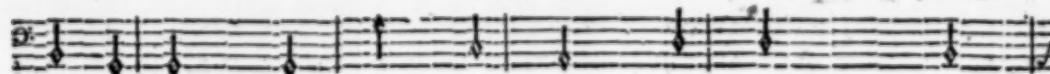
For a Bass alone.

Hence from a Whirlwind O--ra--cle, the Great *Jehovah*, thus hisServant, thus his ———— Servant *Jehovah* did treat: Who's this, that thinks the Mists himself doth

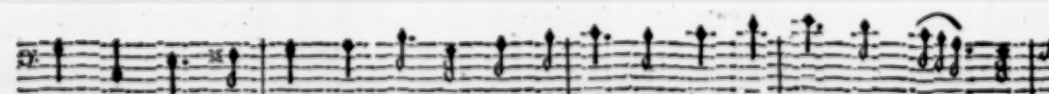
raise, can hide his own, or yet eclipse my ways? Prepare for the Dispute, and answer



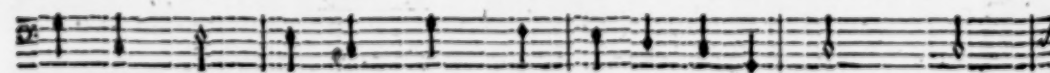
now, when my Breath made the Earth's Globe, where wert thou? When in a Quire of Morning

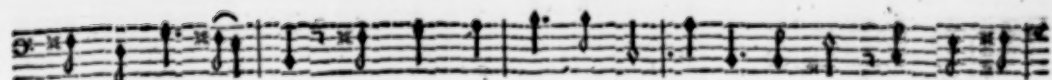


Stars did lye, refulgent Beauty, and loud Harmony, hast in the bottom of the

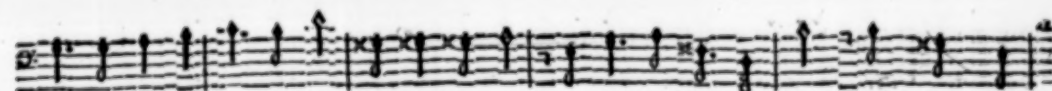
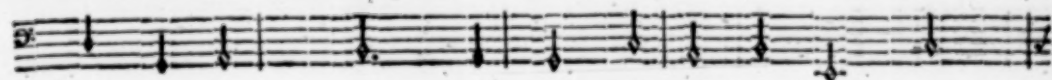


great Deep been, or else tow'r'd up in—to the Ma--ga-zine, from whence with fal—ling

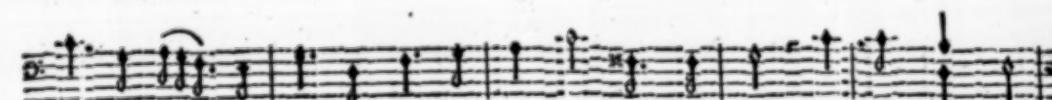
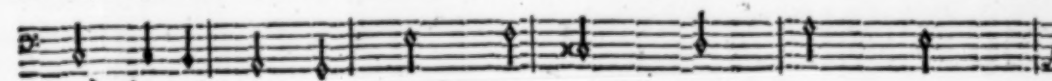




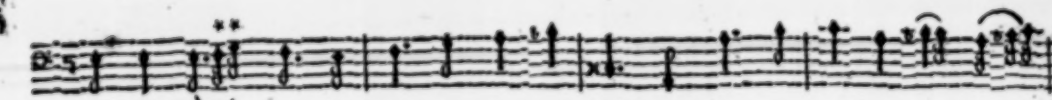
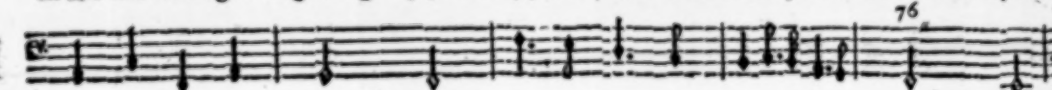
Hail-stones, and pale Snow, I make proud Mortals fall, and paler grow. Can't make the



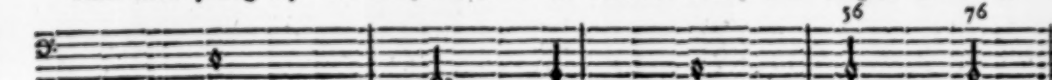
Clouds, if up thou lift thy Voice, melted by Show'rs, or torn by Thunders noife? Canst make through



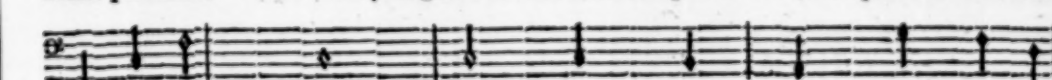
th'Air the win—ged Lightnings fly, and say, Now thou shalt blaze, now thou shalt dye?



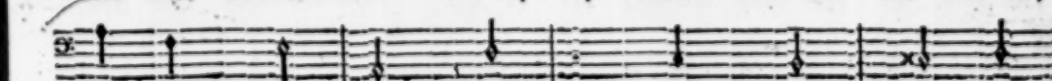
Hast thou young Ly—ons fed, that were too tame to roar, and Empire o—ver

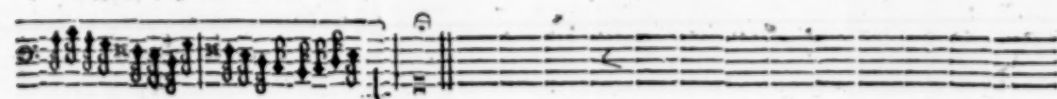
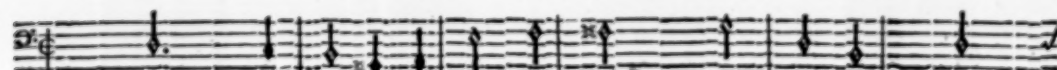
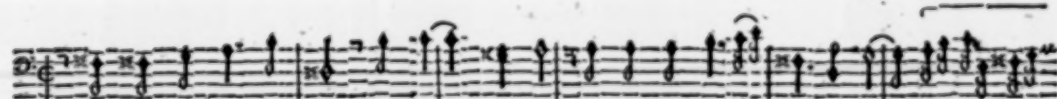
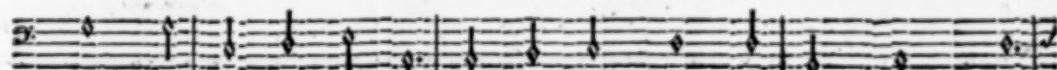
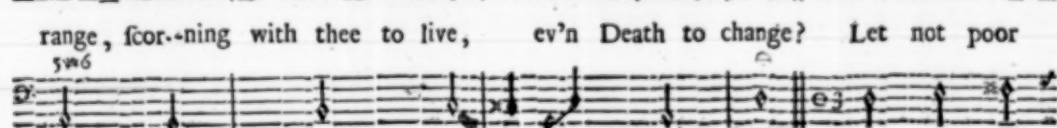
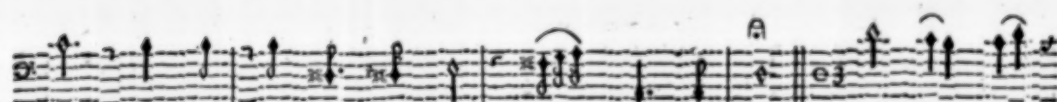
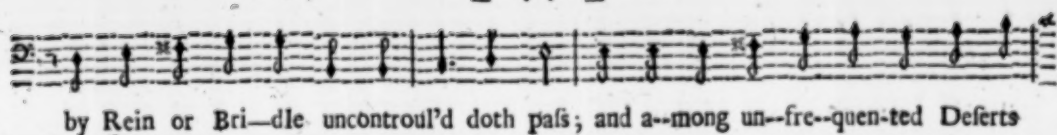


Beasts proclaim? Who feeds young Rav'ns! Can't thou stop their Cries, that spread to Heav'n the

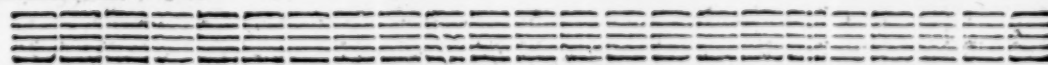
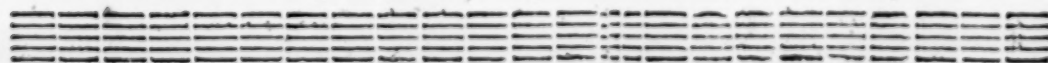
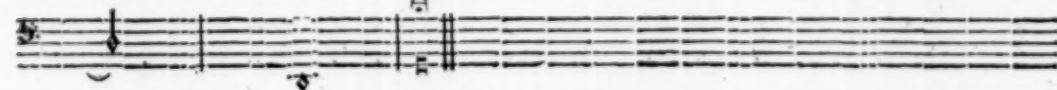


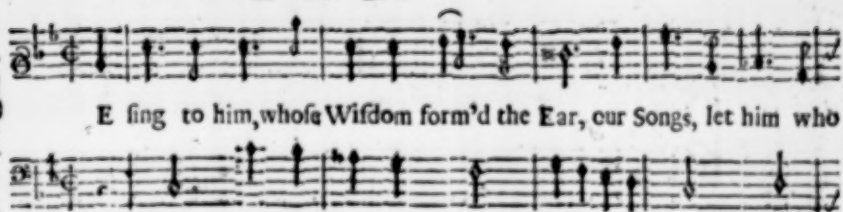
old ones Cru-el-ties? Is't by thy Pleasures Char-ter the wild Afs,





Mr. Matthew Lock.

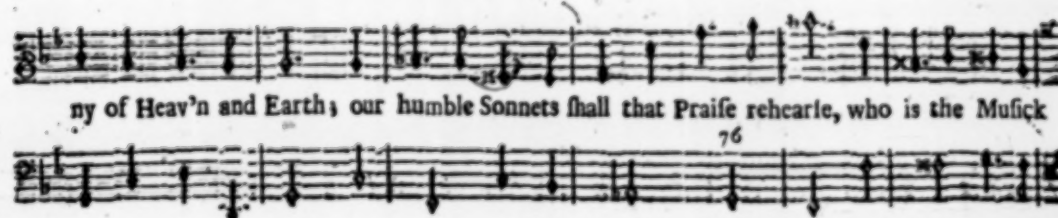




E sing to him, whose Wisdom form'd the Ear, our Songs, let him who

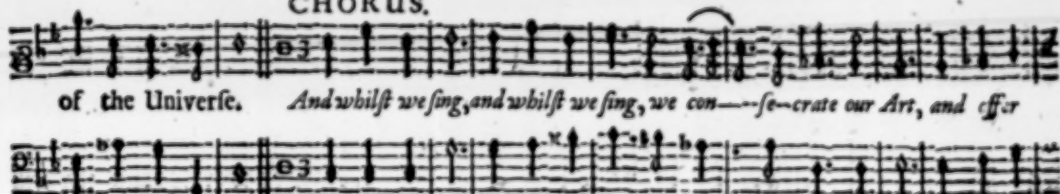


gave us Voices, hear; we joy in God, who is the Spring of Mirth, who loves the Harmo-



ny of Heav'n and Earth; our humble Sonnets shall that Praise rehearse, who is the Musick

CHORUS.



of the Universe. And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art, and offer

And whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art, and offer



up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, and whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art,

up with ev'ry Tongue a Heart; and whilst we sing, whilst we sing, we con—se—crate our Art,



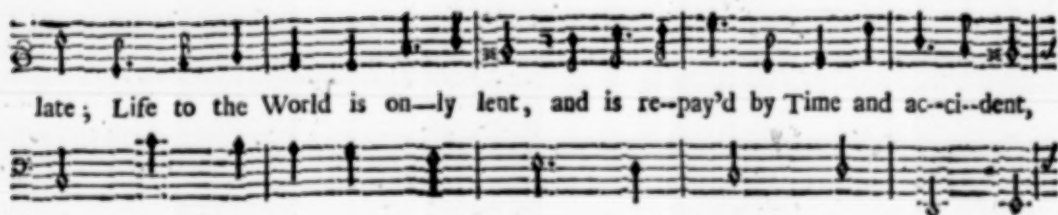
and offer up, and of—fer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.

Mr. H. Purcell.

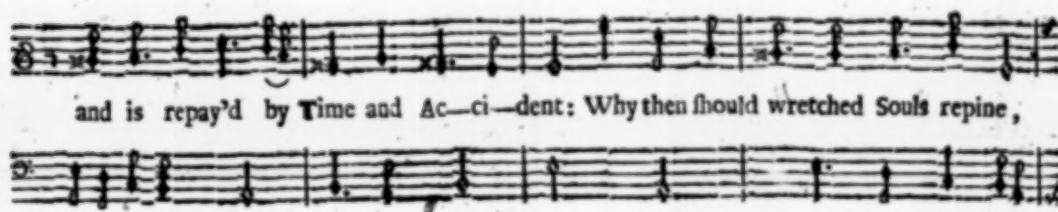
and of—fer, and of—fer up, of—fer up, with ev'—ry Tongue a Heart.



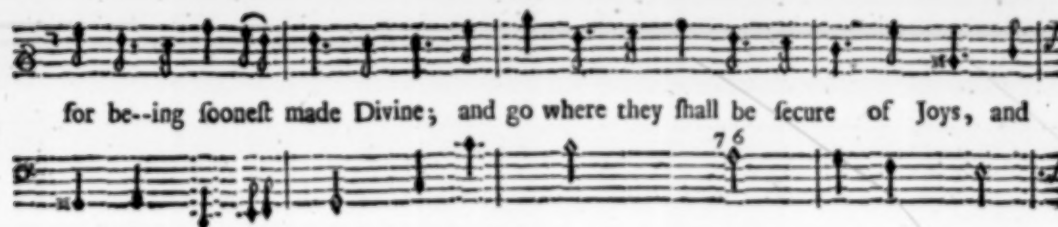
Hus Mortals must submit to Fate, some more ear—ly, some more



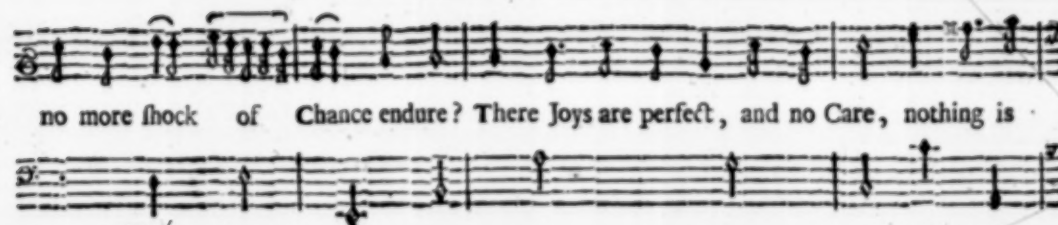
late; Life to the World is on—ly lent, and is re-pay'd by Time and ac-ci-dent,



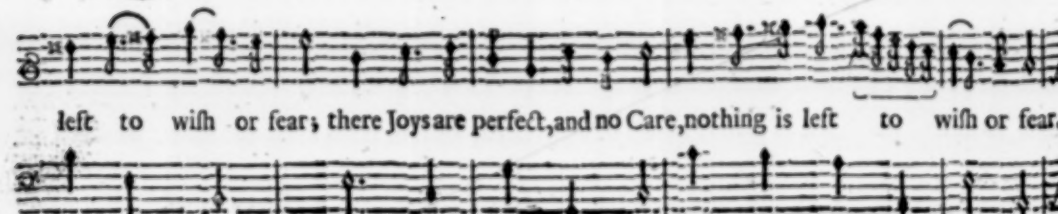
and is repay'd by Time and Ac—ci—dent: Why then should wretched Souls repine,



for be—ing soonest made Divine; and go where they shall be secure of Joys, and

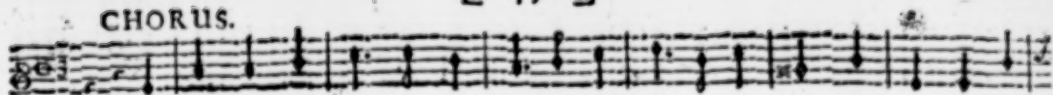


no more shock of Chance endure? There Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is

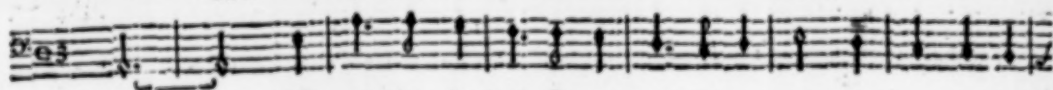


left to wish or fear; there Joys are perfect, and no Care, nothing is left to wish or fear.

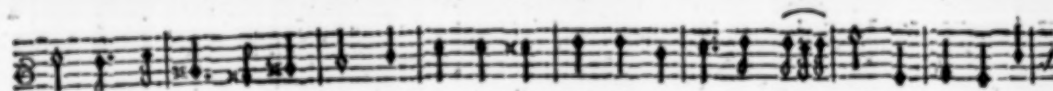
CHORUS.



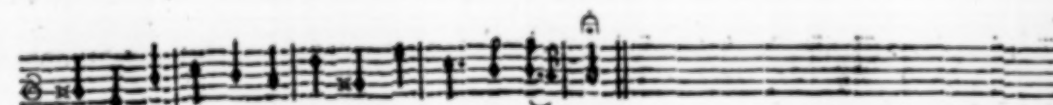
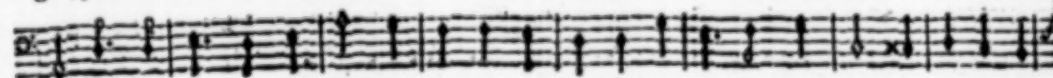
How happy, how hap-py's the Soul that has took his best flight, from Darkness to



How happy's the Soul, &c.

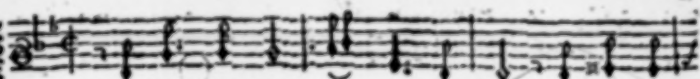
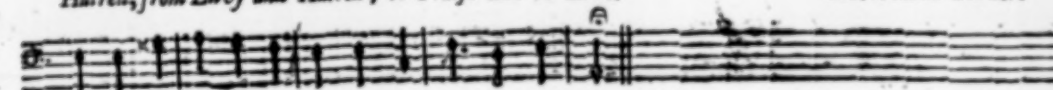


Light, from be-low to a-bove, from Envy and Hatred, to Praise and to Love, from Envy and

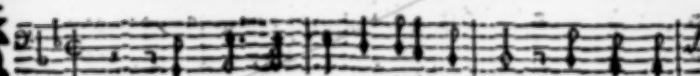


Hatred, from Envy and Hatred, to Praise and to Love.

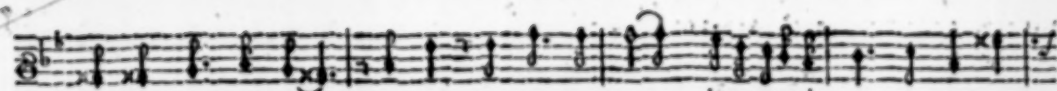
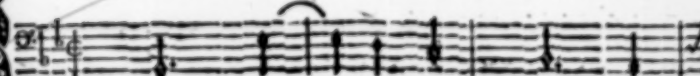
Mr. William Turner.



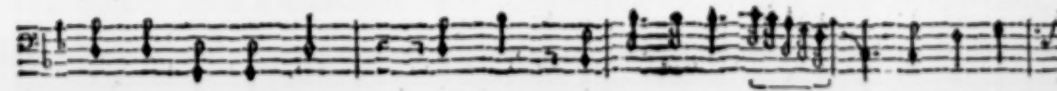
—Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and Inspi-



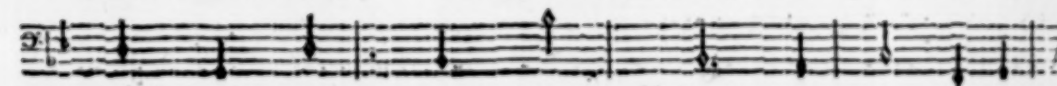
—Nough, my Muse, of earthly Things, and Inspi-

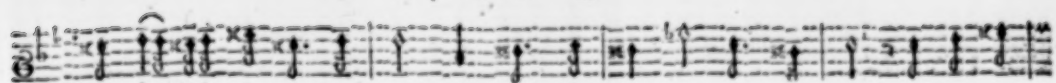


rations but of Wind, take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud

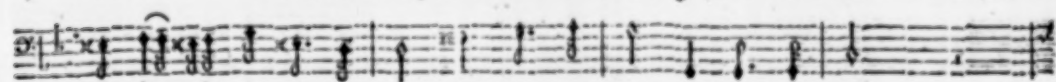


rations but of Wind, take up, take up thy Lute, and to it bind loud

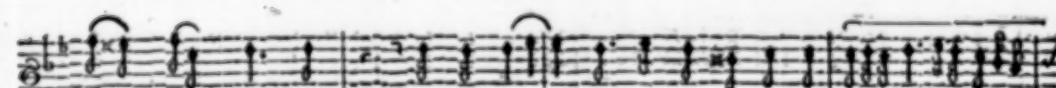
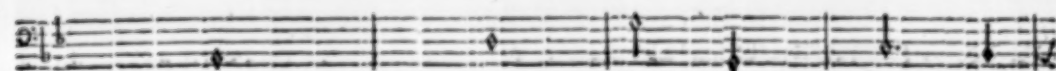




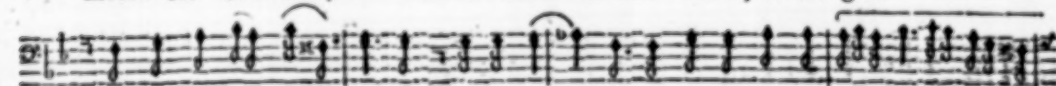
and e——ver--la-ſting Strings, and on them play, and to them ſing, the hap-py



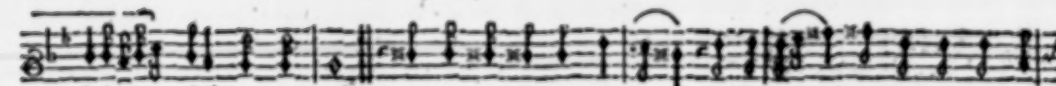
and e——ver--la-ſting Strings, and on them play, and to them ſing,



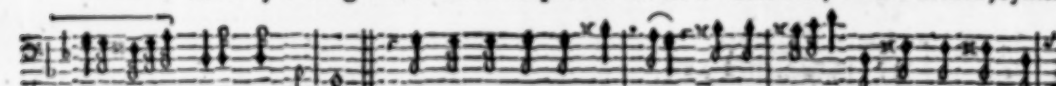
mourn-ful Sto-ries, the la-men—ta-ble Glories, of the grea——



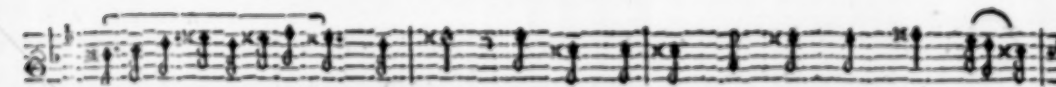
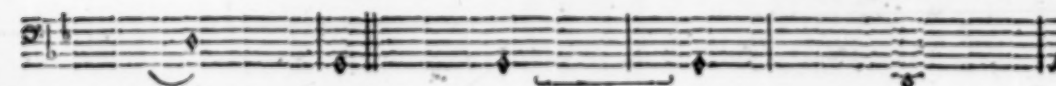
the happy mournful Stories, the la-men—ta-ble Glories, of the grea——



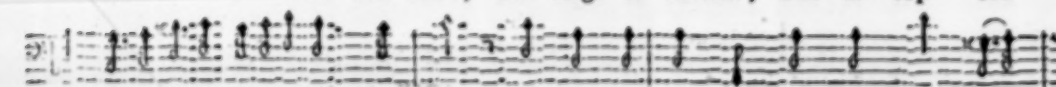
——t cru-ci-fy'd King. Mountainous heaps of Wonders w^{ch} doth riſe, 'till Earth thou joyneſt



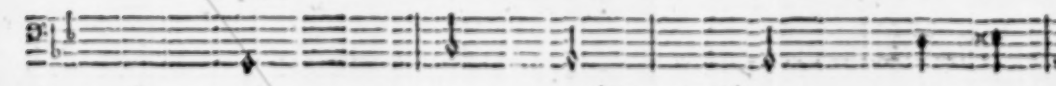
——t cru-ci-fy'd King. Mountainous heaps of Wonders w^{ch} doth riſe, 'till Earth thou joyneſt

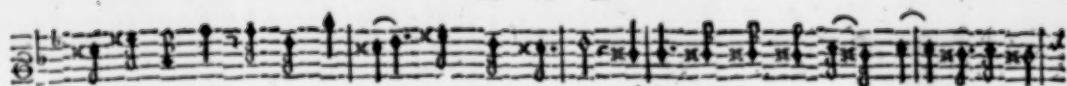


wi——th the Skies; too large at bottom, and at top too

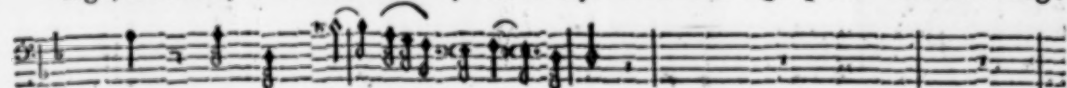


wi——th the Skies; to large at bottom, and at top too

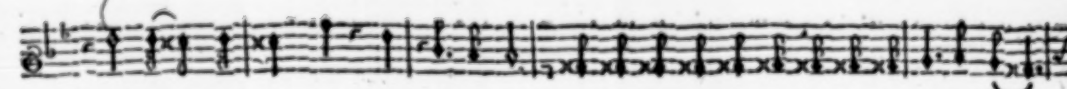
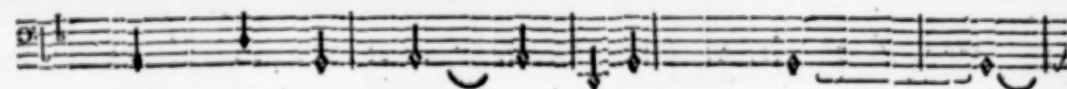




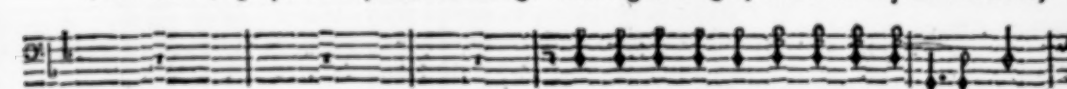
high, to be half, to be half seen by Mortal Eye. How shall I grasp this boundless thing?



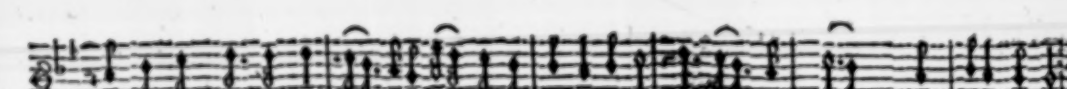
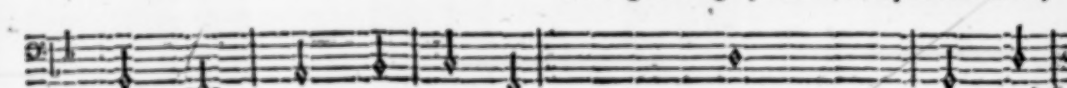
high, to be half seen by Mortal Eye.



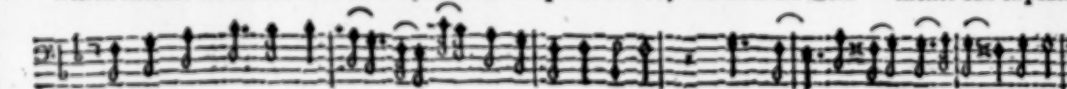
What shall I play? What, what shall I sing? I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love,



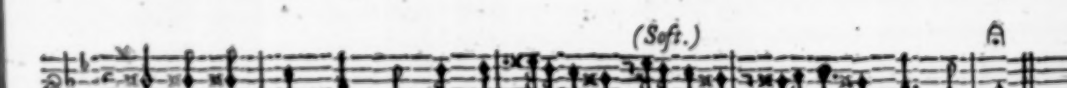
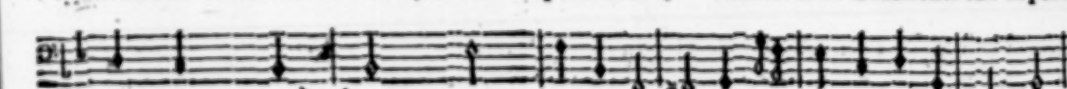
I'll sing the mighty Riddle of mysterious Love,



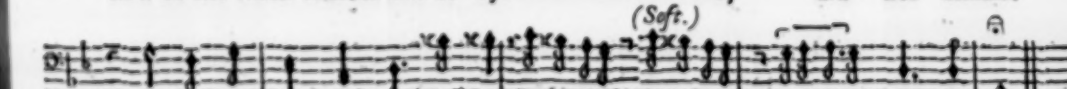
which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain,



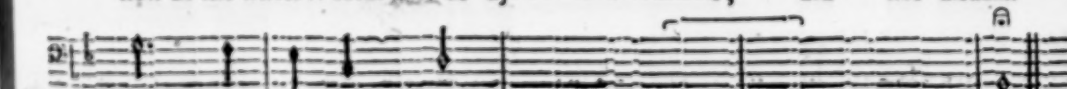
which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed Spirits above, with all their Comments can explain,



how all the whole Worlds Life to dy—e, did not disdain,



how all the whole Worlds Life to dy—e, did not disdain.



Dr. Blow.

*The Words by Dr. Jeremiah Taylor.**Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes.*

Ord! I have sinn'd, I have sinn'd, and the black Number

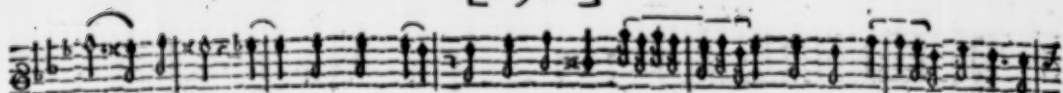
swells to such a dis-mal Sum, that should my sto-ny Heart, and Eyes, and

this whole sin-ful Trunk a Flood become, and run——— to Tears, their

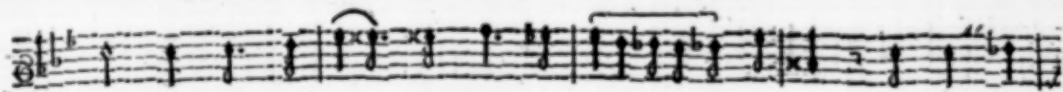
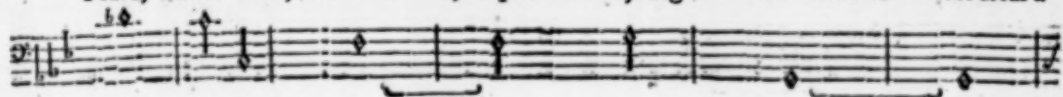
Drops could not suf-fice to count my Score, much less to pay; but thou, my

God, hast Blood in store, and art the Pa-tron of the Poor. Yet since the

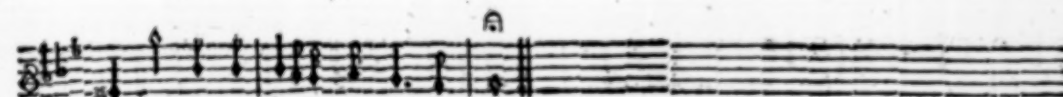
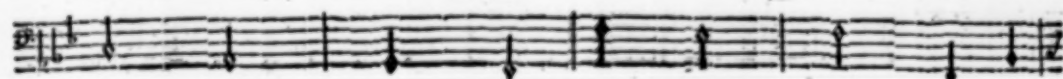
Balm of thy Blood, although it can, will do no good, unless the Wounds be cleans'd with



Tears, before thou, in whose sweet, but pensive Face, Laugh—ter could ne—ver steal a



Place. Teach but my Heart and Eyes to mel—t a—way, and then one

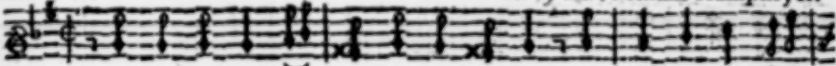


drop, one drop of Bal—som will suf—fice.

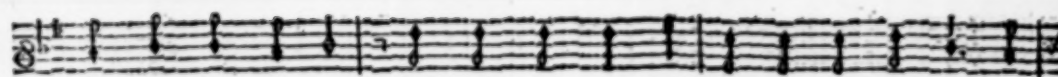


The Words by Dr. Dunn.

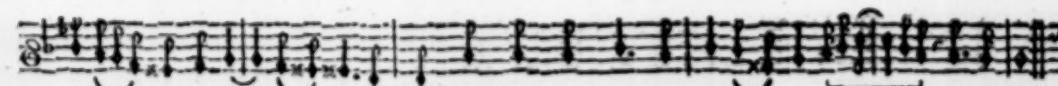
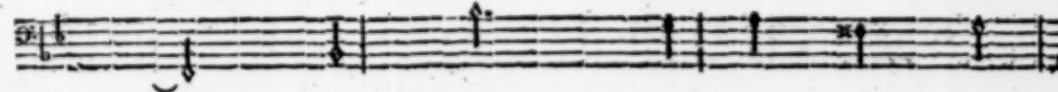
Set by Mr. Pelham Humphries.



WILT thou forgive that Sin, where I began, which was my Sin, tho'



it were done before? Wilt thou for—give that Sin, through which I run, and

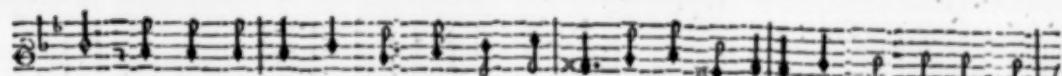
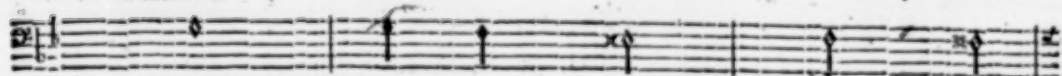


do run still, tho' still I do deplore? W^h thou hast done, thou hast not done, for—I have more.

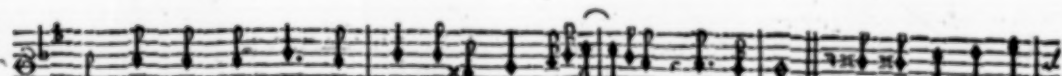
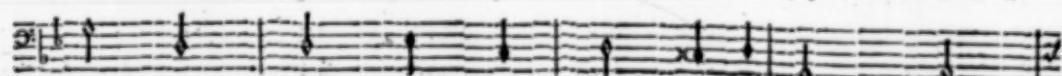




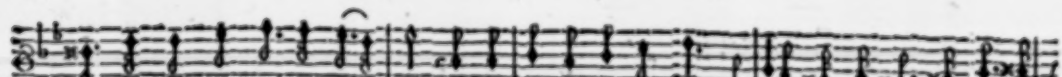
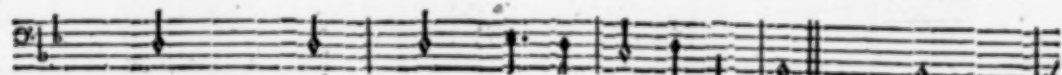
Wilt thou forgive that Sin, by which I've won o - thers to sin, and made my Sin their



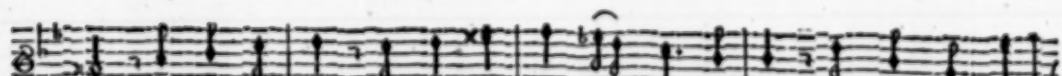
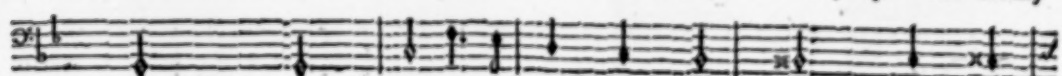
dore? Wilt thou forgive that Sin, which I did shun a Year or two, yet wallow'd in a



score? When thou hast done, thou hast not done, for I have more. I have a Sin of



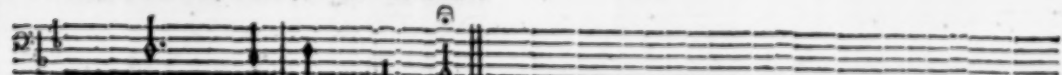
Fear, that when I've spun my last Thread, I shall perish on the Shore; but I swear by thy self that art my



Death, thy Sun shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore, and having done



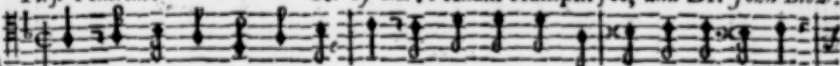
that thou hast done, I fear no more.



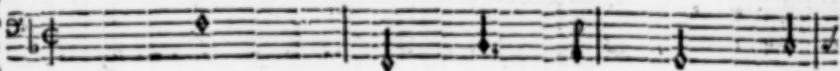
A Dialogue between two Penitents. [53]

First Penitent.

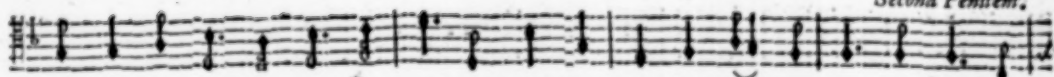
Set by Mr. Pelham Humphryes, and Dr. John Blow.



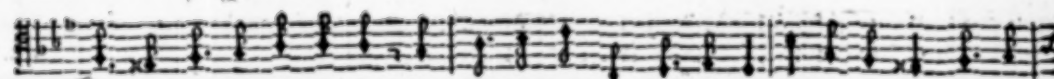
Ark ! how the wakeful chearful Cock, the Villagers A-stro--lo-ger and Clock,



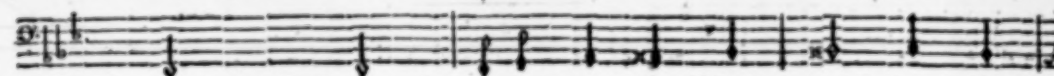
Second Penitent.



clapping his Wings, proclaims the Day, and chides thy Sleep and Night a-way ! I hear, and



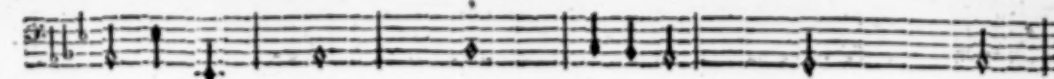
thank my kind Remembrancer, he wakes a Sin, that slept within, rouzes a Crime that be-



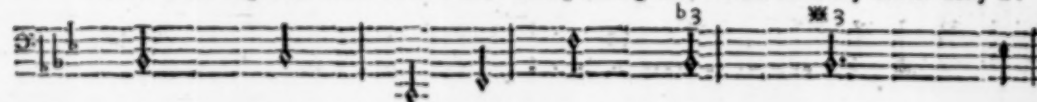
First Penitent.



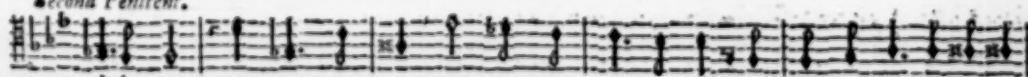
fore would not stir : Flow, flow my Tears ! O when will you be-gin ! Saint



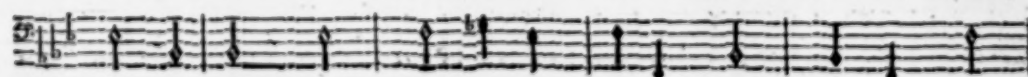
Peter's Bird reproves Saint Peter's Sin ! Complaining Man ! Hast thou thy Christ deny'd !

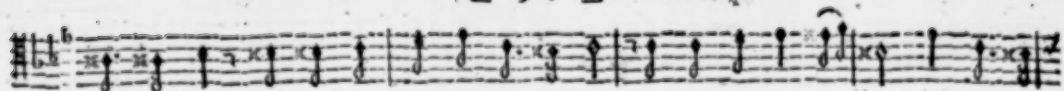


Second Penitent.

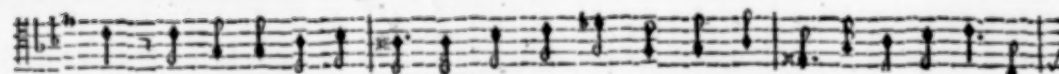
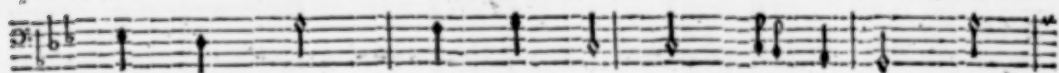


Wo's me ! Wo's me ! I have, more than Saint Pe--ter did, with less excuse, and many

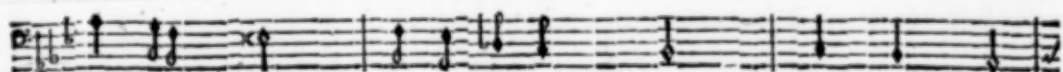




ways beside, ev'n since my Christ was Glorify'd; and this, a-las! too oft, more, more than



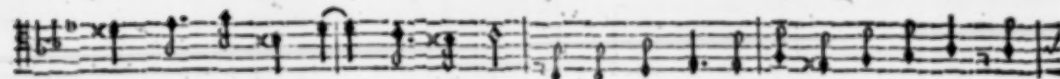
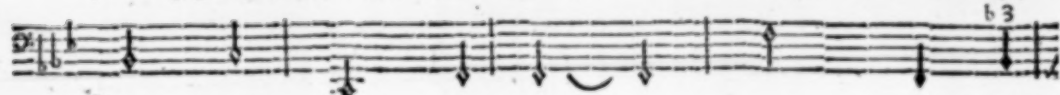
thrice, as of-ten as I chose and woo'd a Vice, or Brutish Lust, to be abhorr'd, re-



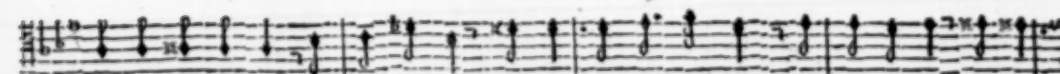
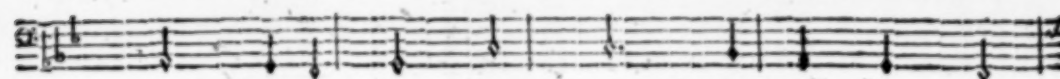
First Penitent.



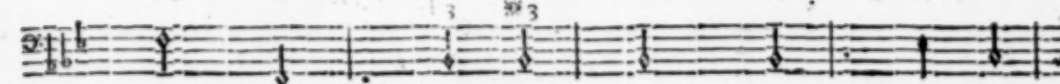
je-cting Je-su, my dear Lord. O my sad Heart! if that be to de-ny,



none ought to weep more Floods than I; when to receive in—to my Heart a Sin, I



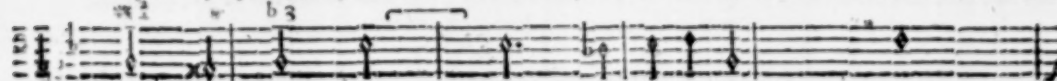
thrust my Je-su out, and took it in: But, Lord, how oft he knock'd, and be'ng deny'd, how dole-

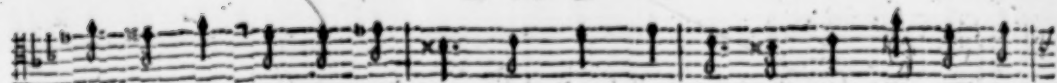


Second Penitent.

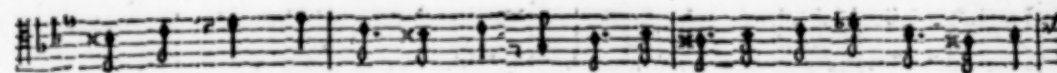
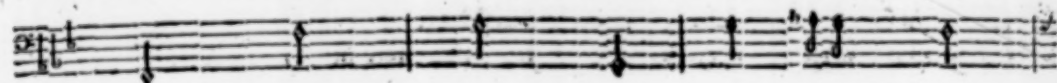


ful-ly he cry'd, Why, why dost thou use me thus, who for thee dy'd! Methinks I hear him call too

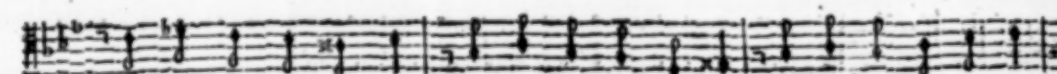
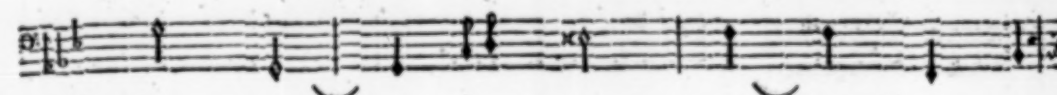




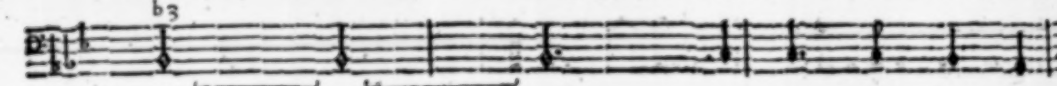
from the Tree, Ungrateful Wretch! was these Wounds made for thee! False Re—ne—



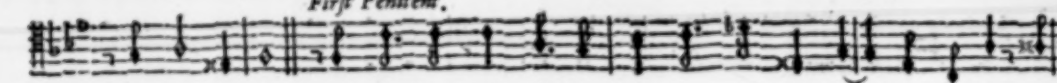
ga—do! These Wounds made for thee, who both deny'd'st me, and betray'd'st me too;



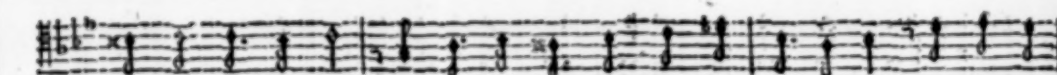
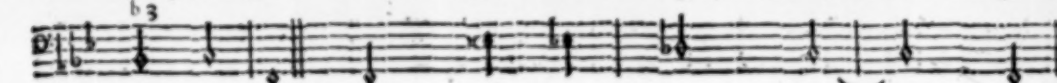
for ev'—ry wanton Kiss, a ve—ry Ju—das is, and each malicious Thought



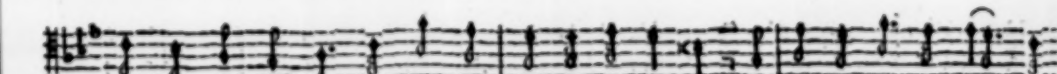
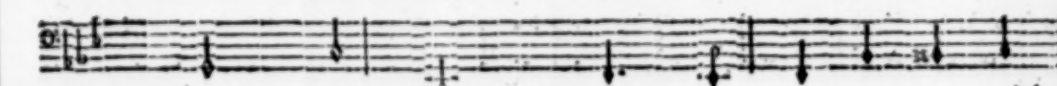
First Penitent.



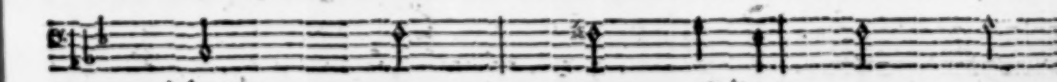
a spiteful Jew. If Sins do now, what the fierce Jews did then, wound him afresh, and

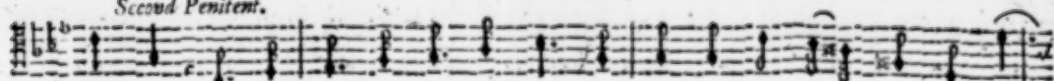


cru—ci—fy a—gain; then we, a—las! have his Tormentors been, and by each

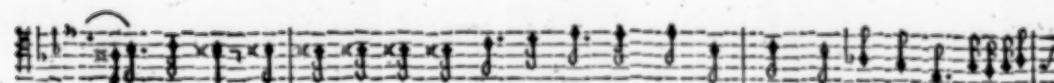
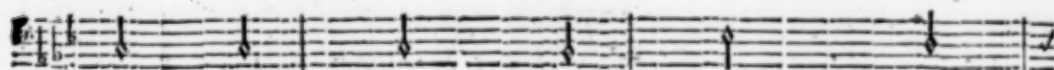


vile delib'rate Deed, we make our Master again bleed, his Pain as va—rious as our

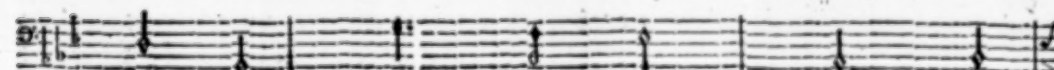


Second Penitent.

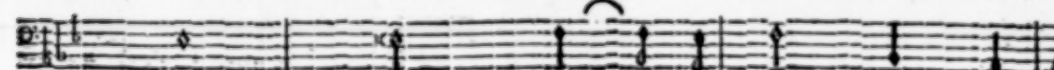
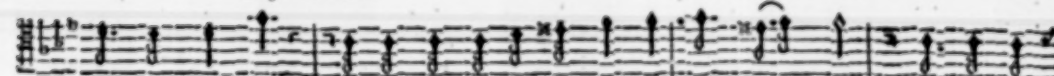
Sin. True, for my Doubts do bind his Hands, my Pride does first dis—robe him, the—



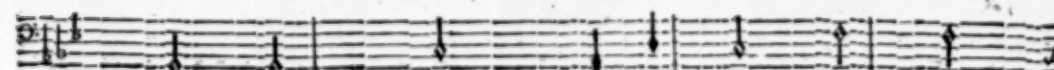
—n deride; I spit upon him by my Blasphemy, and scourge him by my Cru—el—



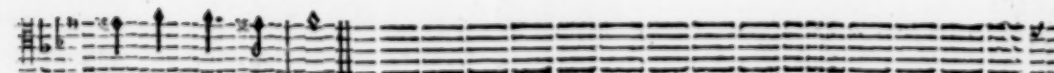
ty. My prophane Tears become the Thorns, that pierce his Head with Scorns, and my Hy—

*First Penitent.*

po—cri—fy. Stay! Unto what prodigious height do our Sins mount! Ev'ry Un—

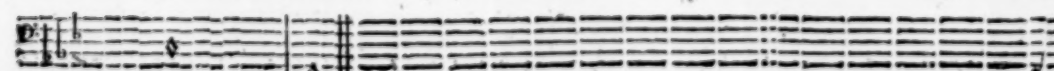


kindness is a Dart, the Spear that wounds his ve—ry Heart, *Christ* could bear

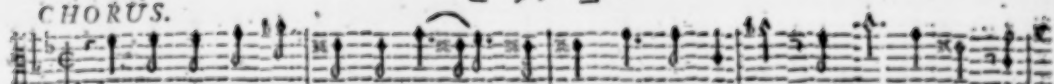


a—ny thing, but this.

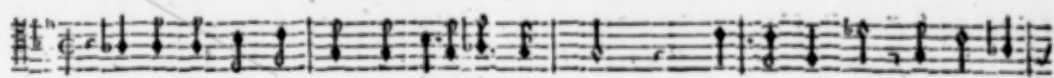
CHORUS.



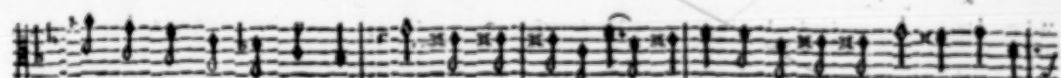
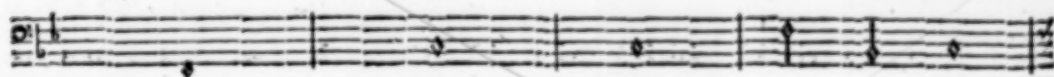
CHORUS.



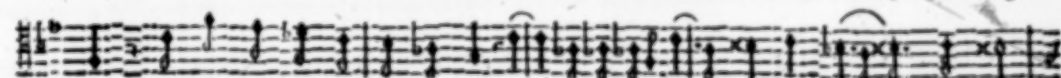
Since then the cause of both our Grievs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's dye, but



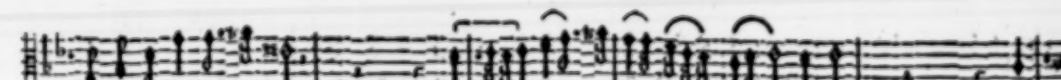
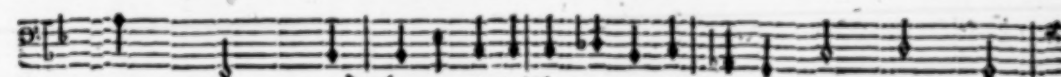
Since then the cause of both our Grievs the same, mix we our Tears, for Grief let's



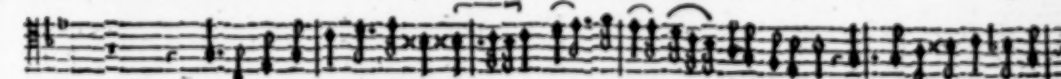
first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-



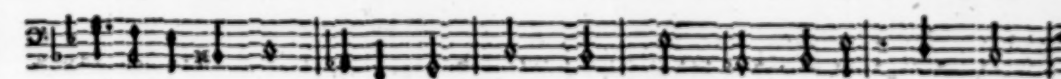
dye, but first our Dirge let's sing, or cry: O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su mi,



su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-



Je-su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su mi, Je-su indulgentiffi-



su in-dul-gen-tif-fi-me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.



me; O mi-se-re-re, Je-su, Je-su mi.



Great God, and Just! How can'st thou see, dear God, our Misery, and

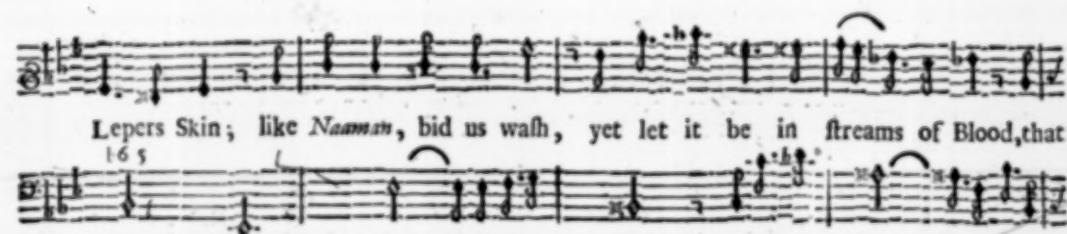
not in Mer-cy set us free? Poor mi-se-ra-ble Man! How wer't thou born?

Weak as the dewy Jewels of the Morn'! Wrapt up in ten-der Dust, guarded with

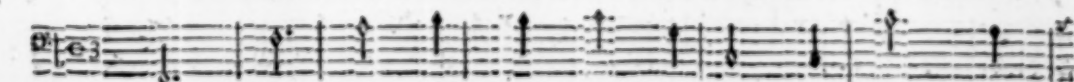
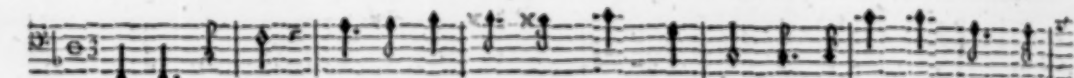
Sins and Lust; who, like Court-Flatterers, wait, to serve themselves in thy unhappy

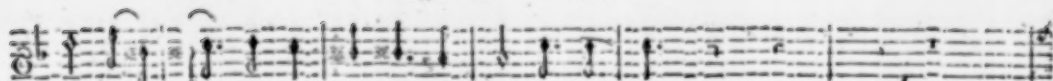
Fate: Wealth is a Snare, and Po-ver-ty brings in Inlets for Theft, paving the way for

Sin; each perfum'd Va-ni-ty doth gent-ly breath Sin in thy Soul, and whispers it to

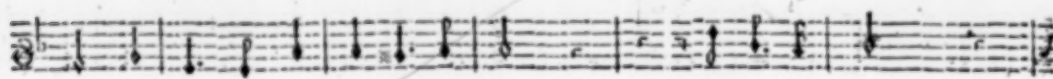


CHORUS. *A. 3. w.*

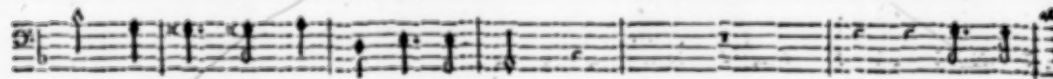




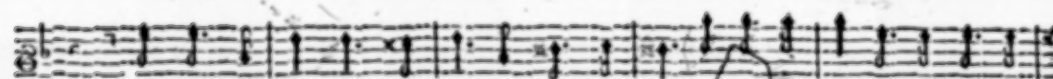
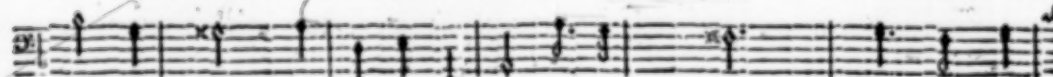
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; ever good,



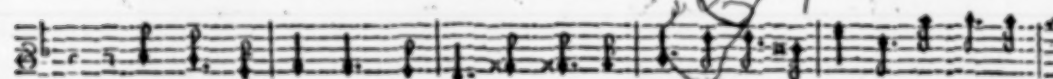
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; and e—ver just,



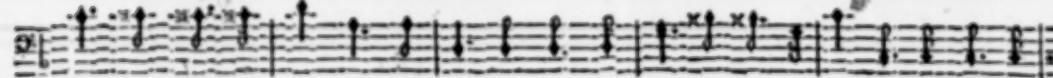
Praise, to God, the Lord of Night and Days; e—ver



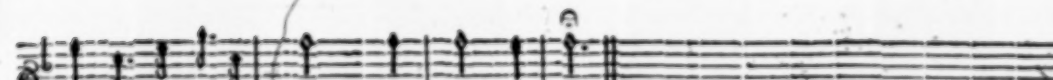
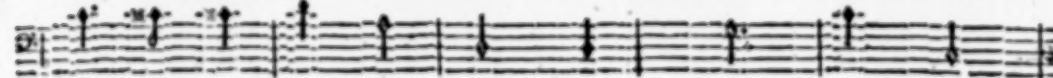
who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal



who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal

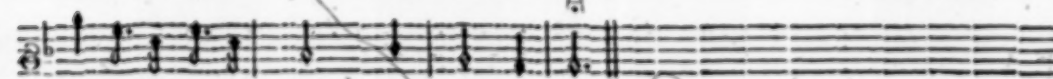


high, who e—ver must, thus be sung, is still the same, e—ter—nal Praises, e—ter—nal

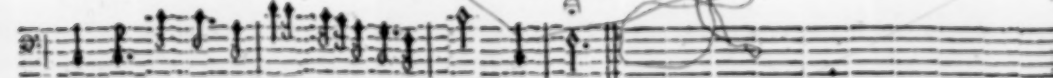


Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.

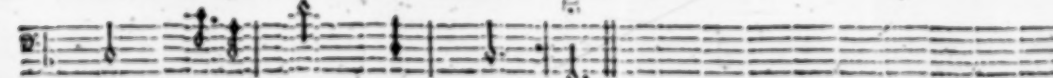
Mr. Henry Purcell.



Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.



Praises, e—ter—nal Prai—ses, crown his Name.



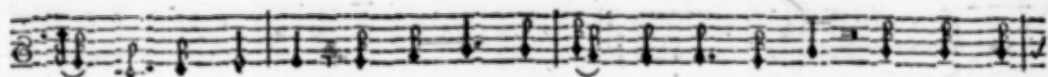
The Aspiration.

[61]

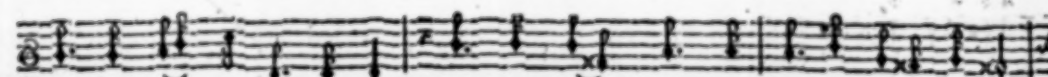
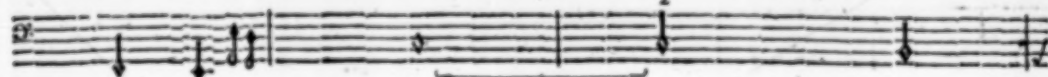
The Words by Mr. Norris, of Wadham College in Oxon.



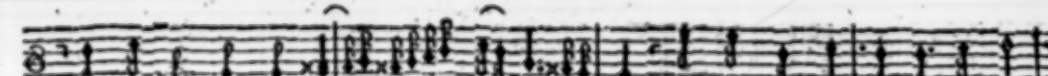
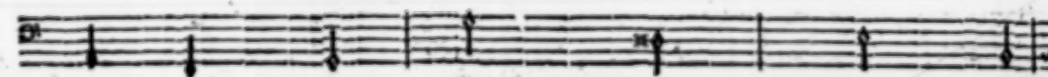
Ow long, how long, grea—t God, how long must I, a-mur'd in this



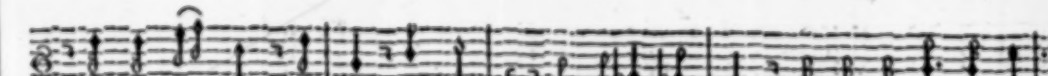
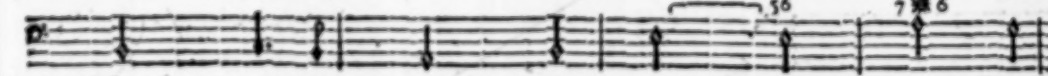
dark Pri—son lye? Where at the Grates, and A—ve—nues of Senſe, my Soul muſt



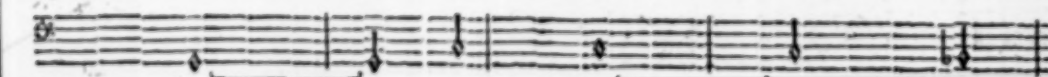
watch to have in—tel—li—gence, where but faint Gleams of thee fa—lute my Sight,



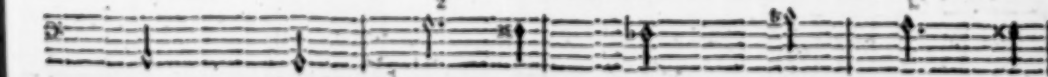
like doubtful Moon—ſhine in ——— a cloudy Night. When ſhall I leave this Magick Sphere,

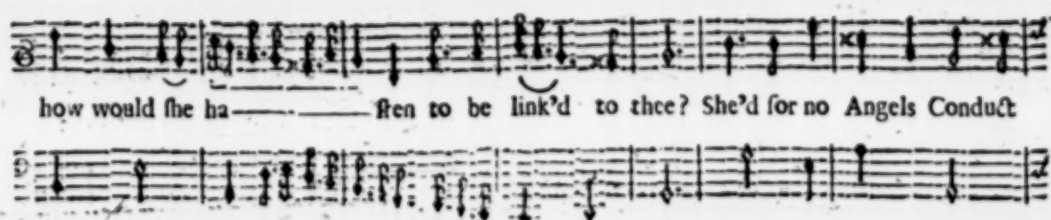
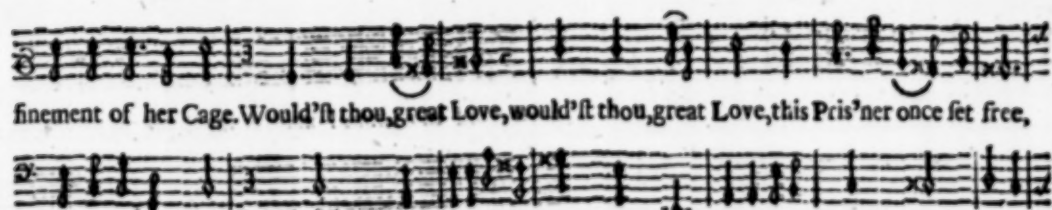
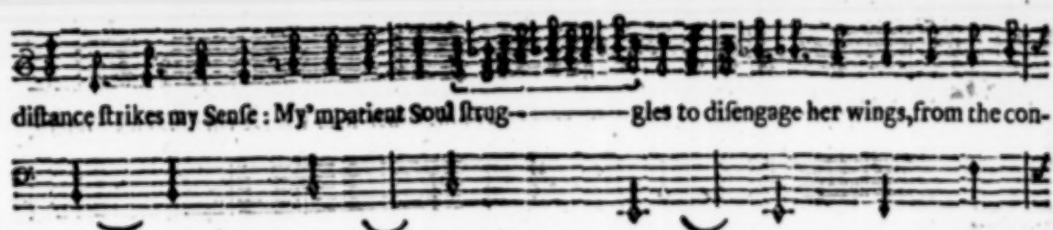
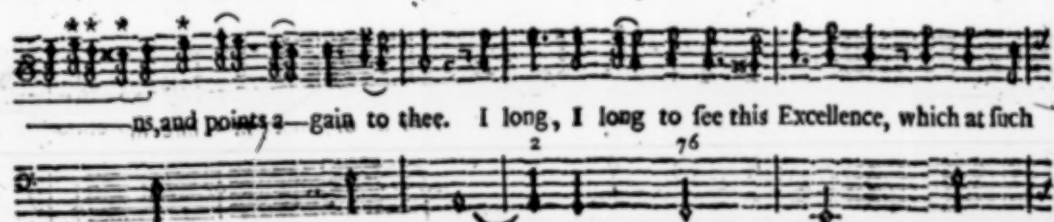
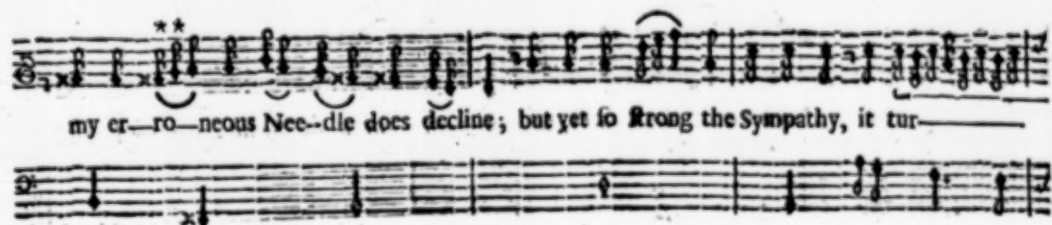
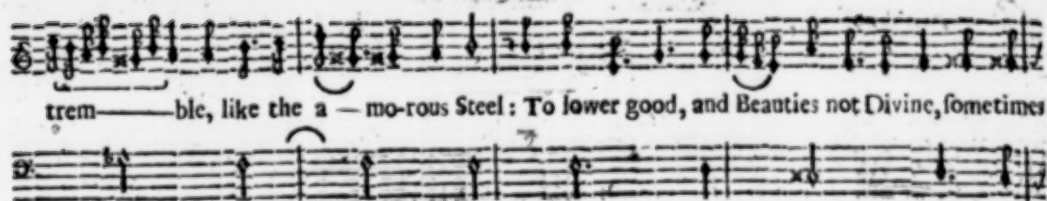


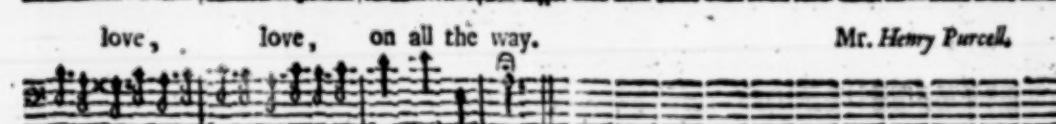
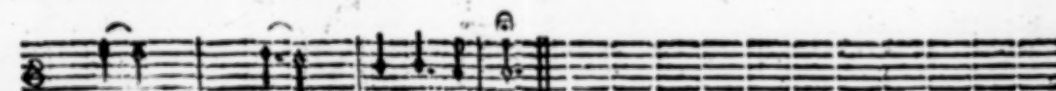
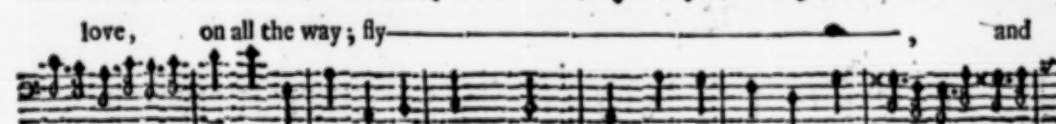
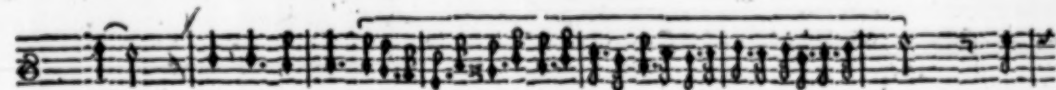
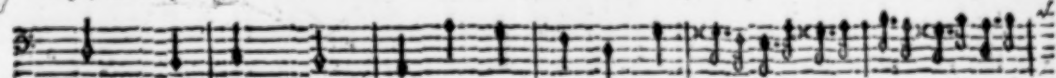
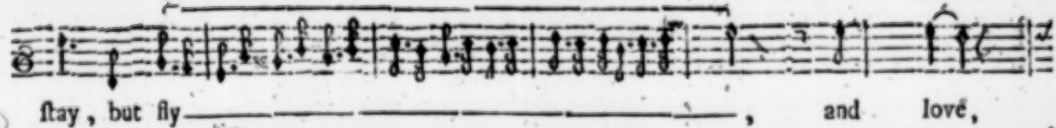
and be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear? How cold this Clime! and yet my Senſe perceives



ev'n here thy In—flu—ence, ev'n here thy ſtrong Magnetick Charms I feel, and pant, and



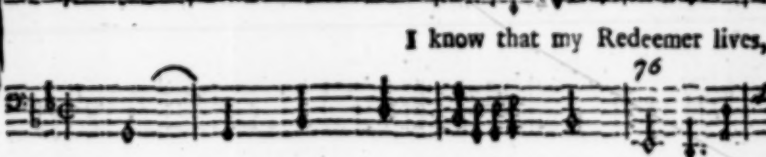
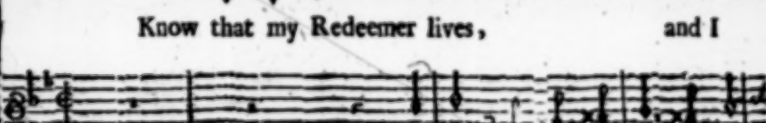
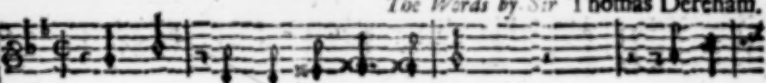




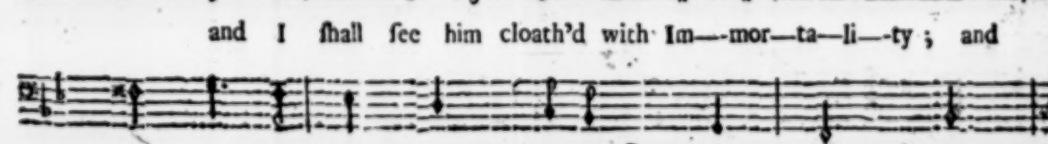
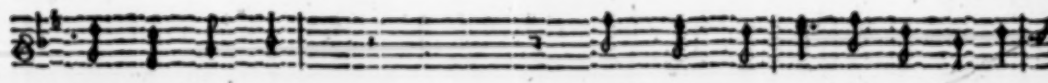
Mr. Henry Purcell.

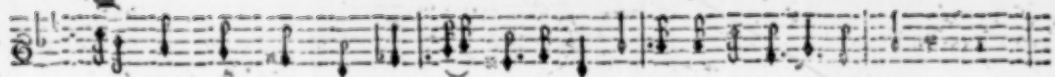
A. 2. Voc.

The Words by Sir Thomas Dereham.

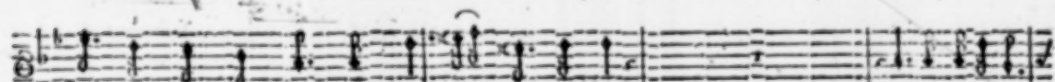


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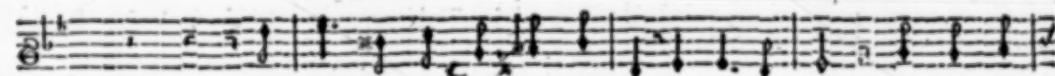
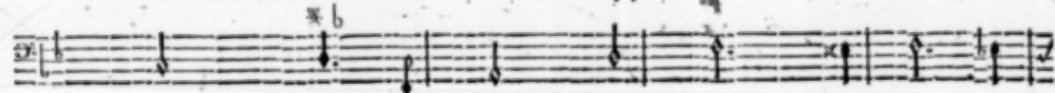




shall see him cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter day shall stand,



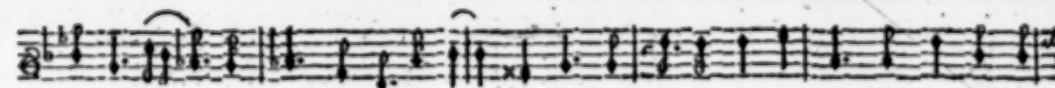
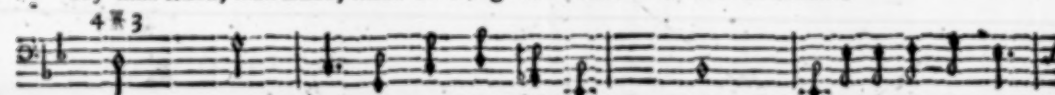
I shall see him cloath'd with Im—mor—ta—li—ty; who in the latter



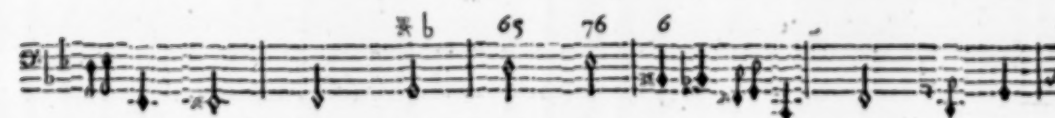
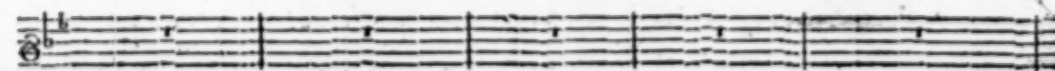
shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command: And tho' this



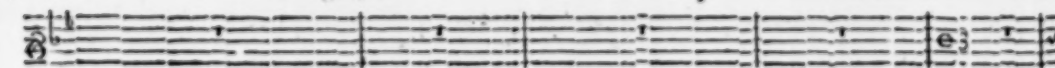
day shall stand, shall stand, when all things are subdu'd to his Command.



Body crawl—ling Worms devour, in their dark Empire; yet in that same hour, when Trumpet shall



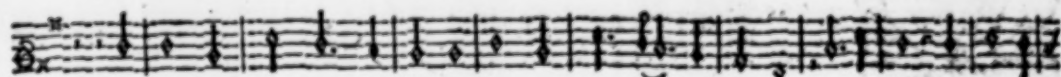
rouze me from slumb'ring Night, these, these ve—ry Eyes shall see his glorious Light.



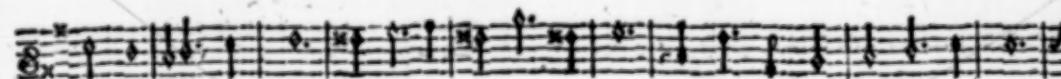
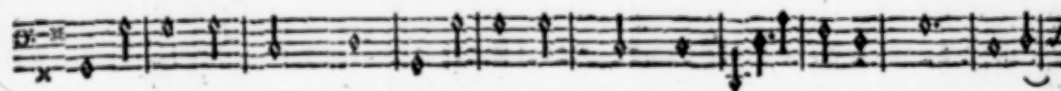
CHORUS.



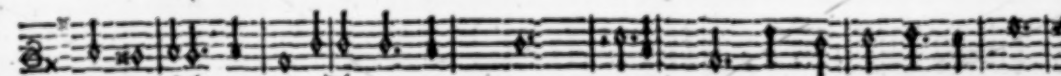
Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way to



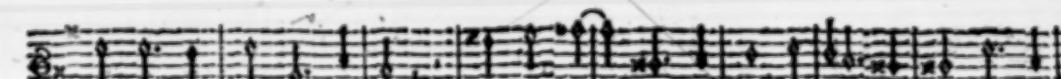
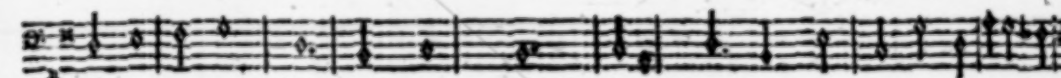
Then fear not Death's shady Grotto, fear not Death's shady Grotto, 'tis the way, the way, to



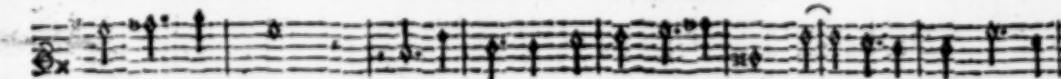
that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way, the way, to that fair dawn of Life's



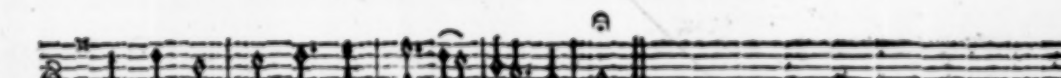
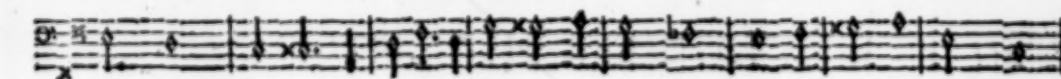
that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's



e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the

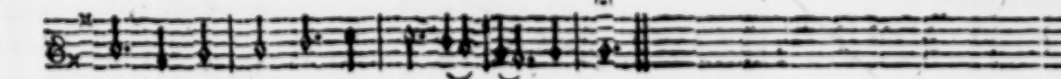


e-ter-nal day; 'tis the way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day; 'tis the

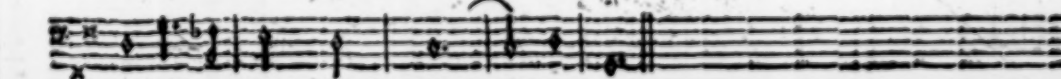


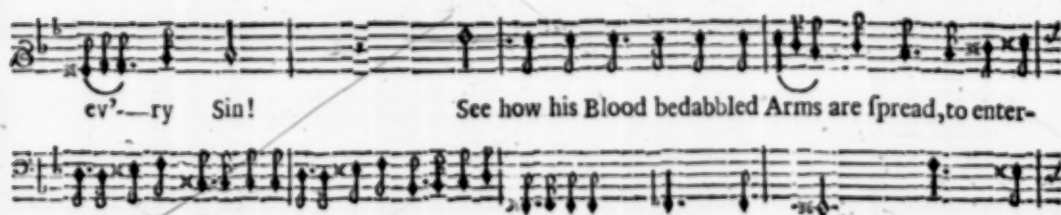
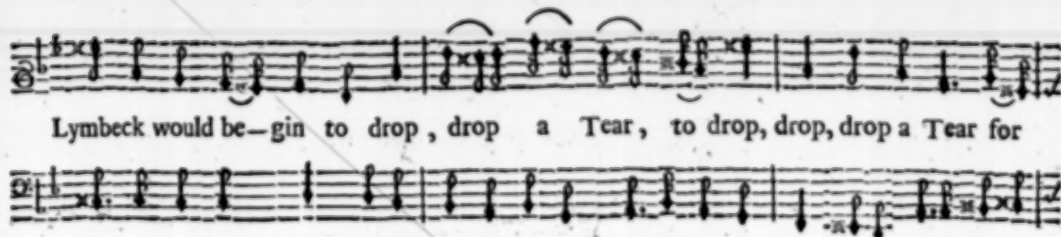
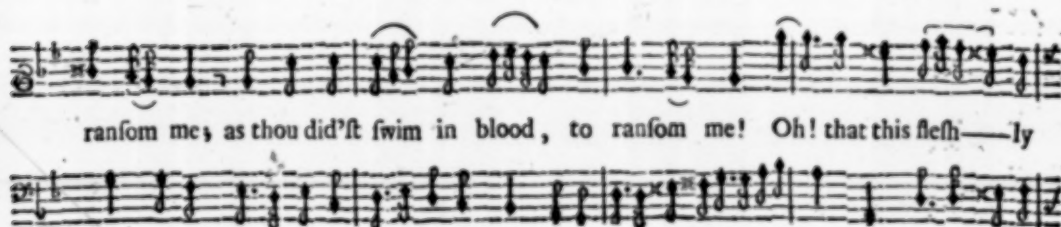
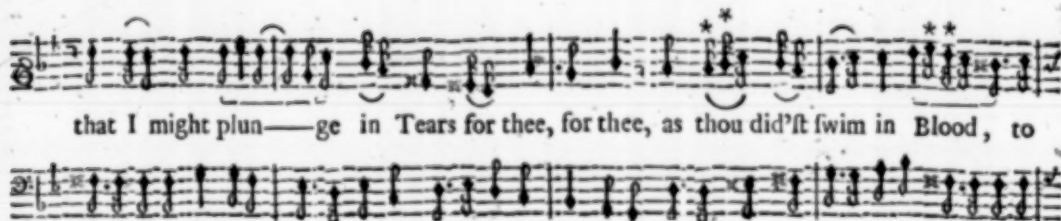
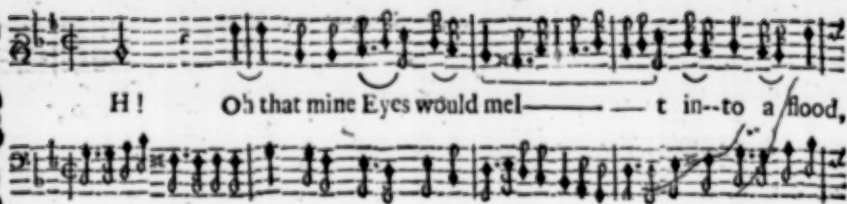
way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.

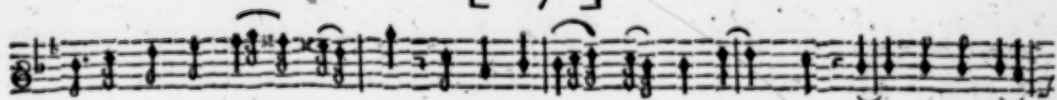
Mr. Matthew Lock.



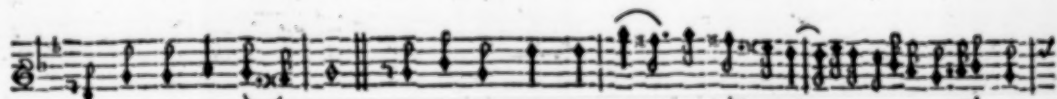
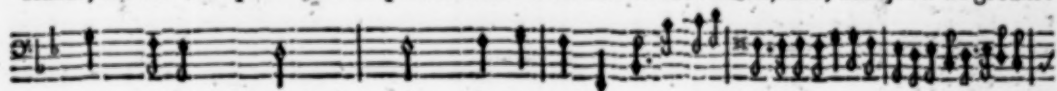
way to that fair dawn of Life's e-ter-nal day.



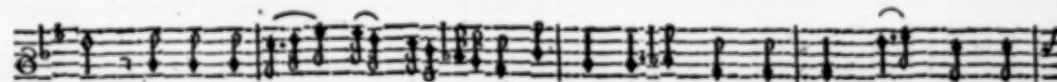
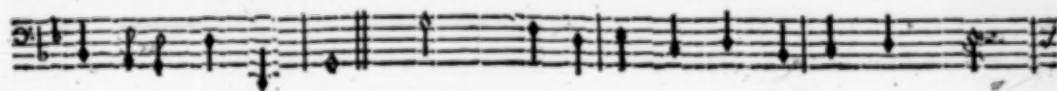




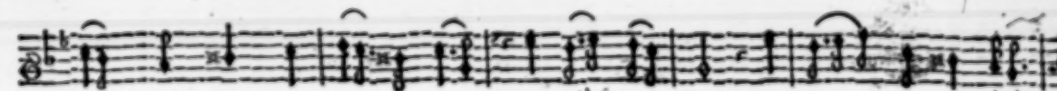
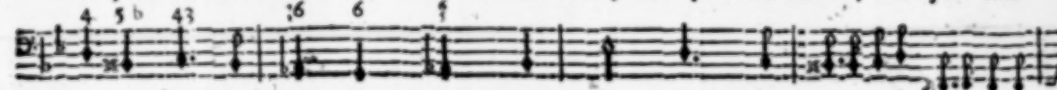
Hands, his oft re—pea—-ted Stripes! Behold his wounded Side! Hark, hark, hark, how he groans!



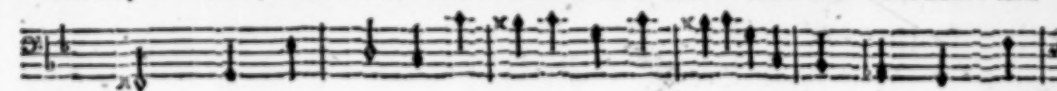
Remember how he cry'd! The very Heav'ns put Weed of Mour—ning



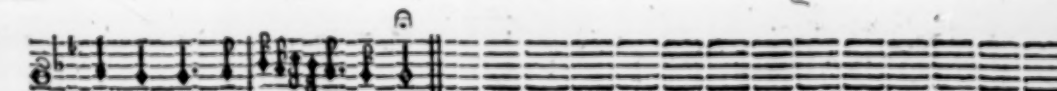
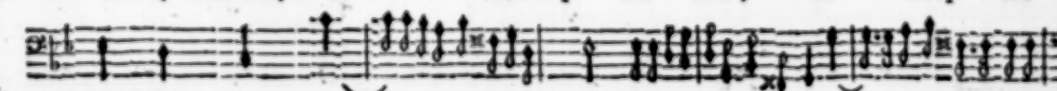
on; the so—lid Rocks in sun—der rent, and yet this Heart, and yet this



Heart, this Stone, could not re—lent! Hard-hearted Man! Hard-hear—ted Mah! And

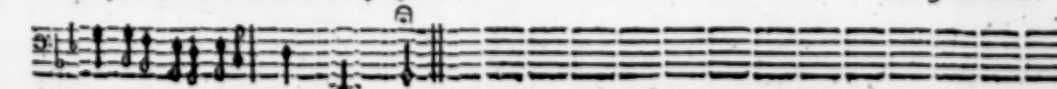


on—ly Man deny'd to wee—p for him, to weep for



him, for whom he on—ly dy'd!

Dr. John Blow.

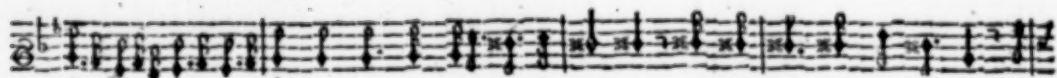


The Words by Dr. Fuller, late Lord-Bishop of Lincoln.

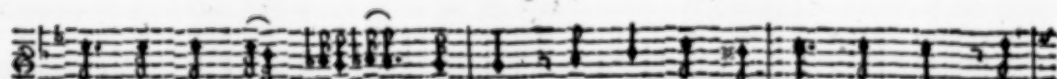
Set by Mr. Henry Parcell.



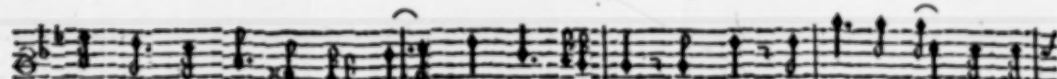
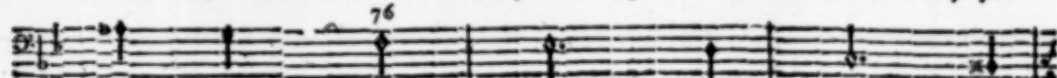
OW have I stray'd! My God, where have I been, since first I



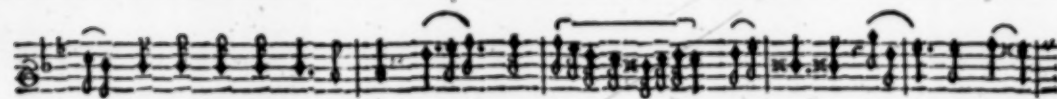
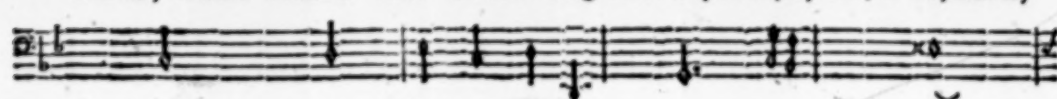
wan ————— der'd in the Maze of Sin! Lord, I have been I know not where, fo



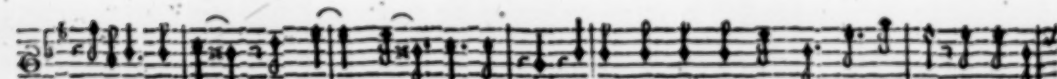
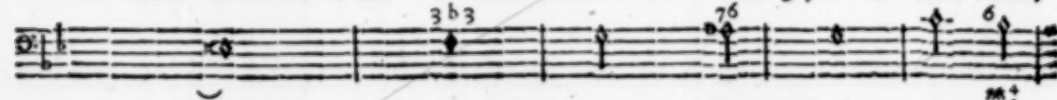
in—tri—cate Youth's Fol—lies are; and Age hath its Lab'rinth too, yet



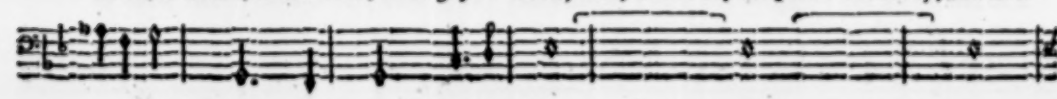
neither, neither hath a wise re—tur—ning Clue! Thy Look, thy Call, to me, shall my

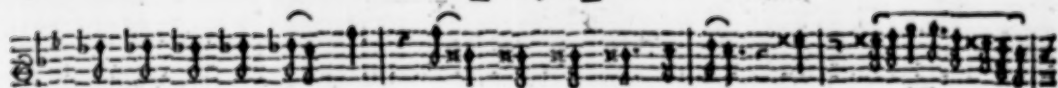


far better A—ri—ad—na be. O most sweet ——— t dear Je—su! O most sweet,

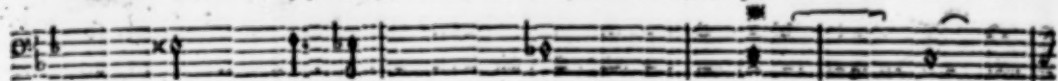


O most sweet, most sweet, dear Je—su! Hark, hark, I hear my Shepherd call away, and in a

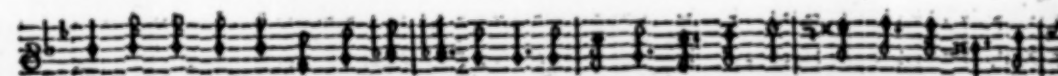




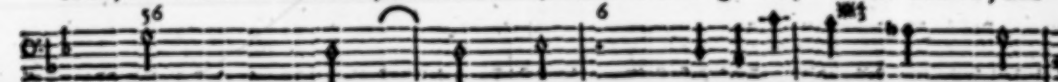
doleful Accent say, Why, why does my Lamb thus stray! O! O



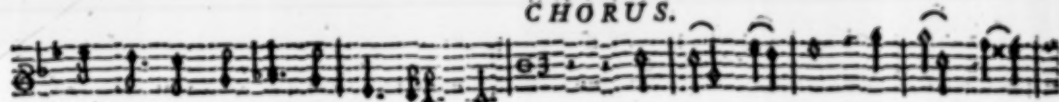
blef—sed Voice, that prompts me to new choice! And fain, dear Shepherd, fain would I



come, but I can find no Track, to lead me back, and if I still go on, I am undone; and

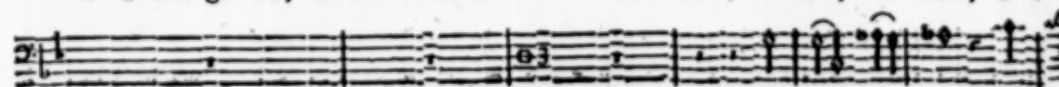


CHORUS.

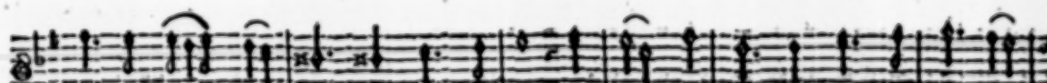
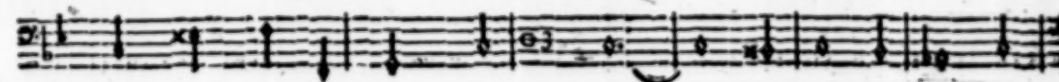


if I still go on, I am undone.

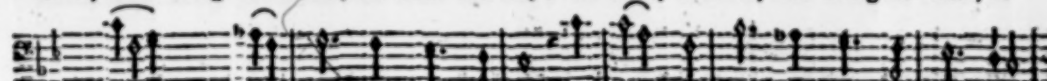
'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis thou, O



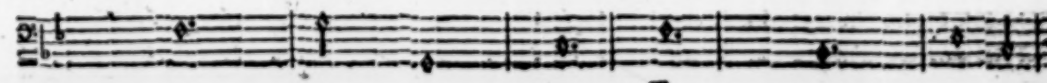
'Tis thou, O Lord, 'tis

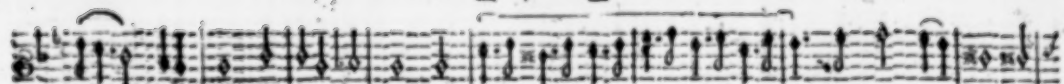


Lord, must bring me home, or show the way, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me home, or

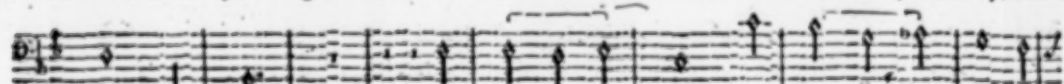


thou, O Lord, must bring me home, 'tis thou, O Lord, must bring me home, or

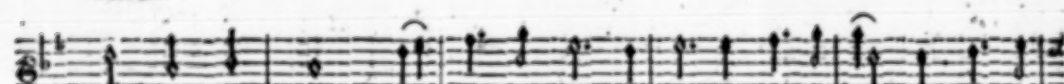
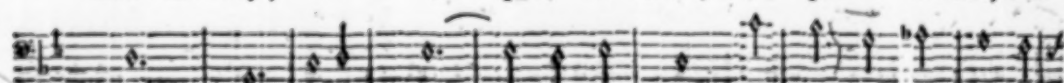




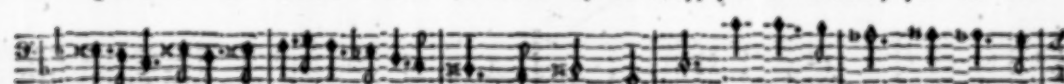
show the way; for poor Souls have thou ———— sand ways to stray, for



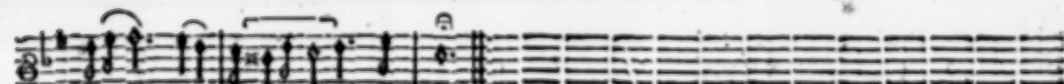
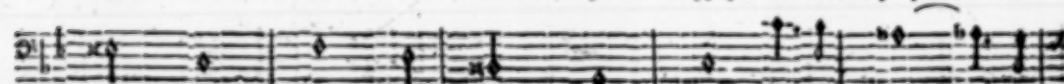
show the way; for poo—r Souls, for poo—r Souls, have



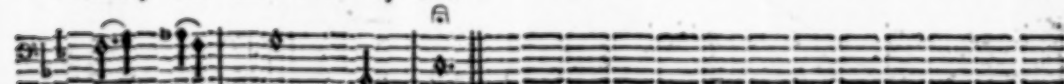
poo—r Souls have thousand ways to stray, yet to return, yet to re-



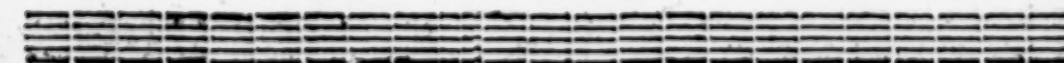
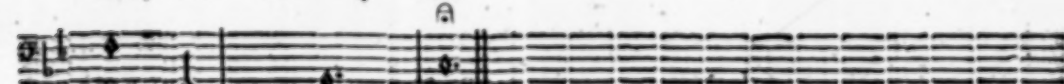
thou ———— sand ways to stray, yet to return, yet to re-



turn, but on ———— ly one.



turn, but on ———— ly one.

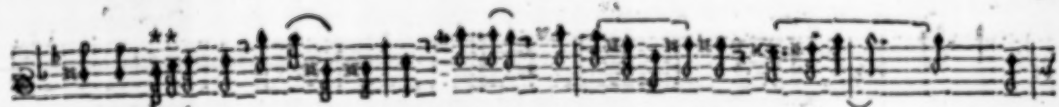


A Dialogue betwixt Dives and Abraham. [71]

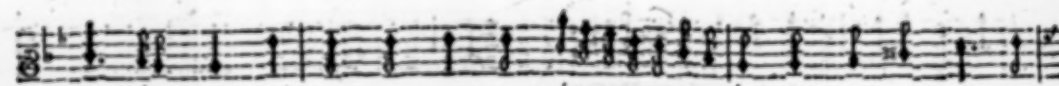
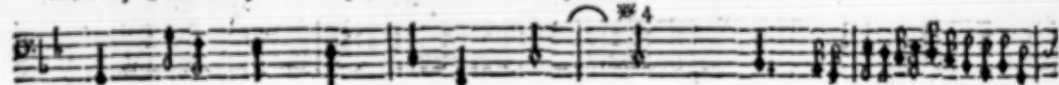
Dives.



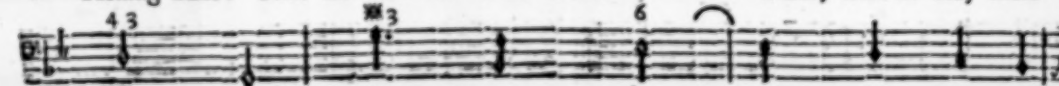
Elp, help, Father A-bram! Help, for Mercy's fake! Be-



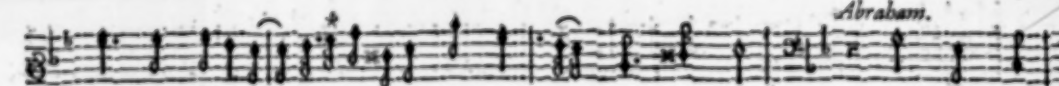
hold my Torments, for Mercy's fake! Behold my Torments in this



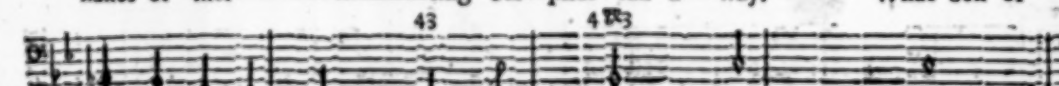
burning Lake! Send La-z-a-rus with Whirlwinds, that he may these



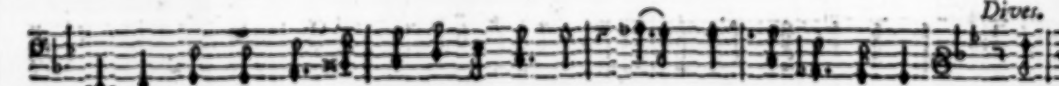
Abraham.



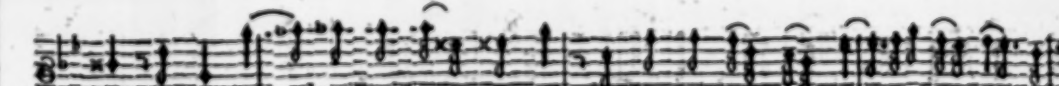
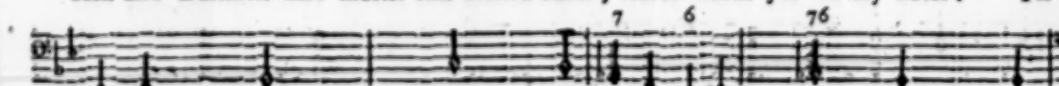
flakes of melting Sulphur fan away. What Son of



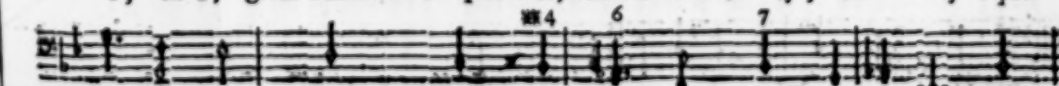
Dives.

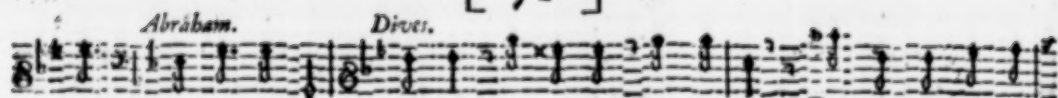


Hell and Darknes dare molest this blessed Saint, scarce warm yet on my Brest? 'Tis

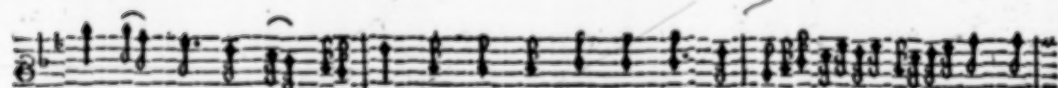
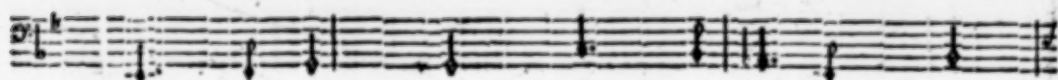


I, 'tis I, great Mammon's equal once, whose Lott is on-ly, on-ly Topbet

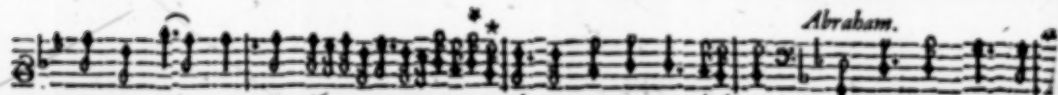
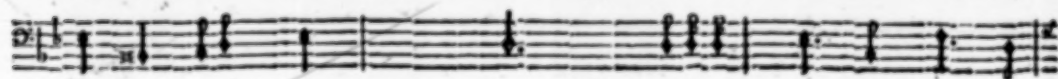




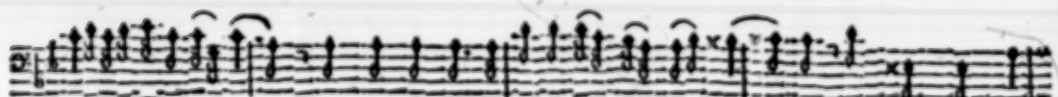
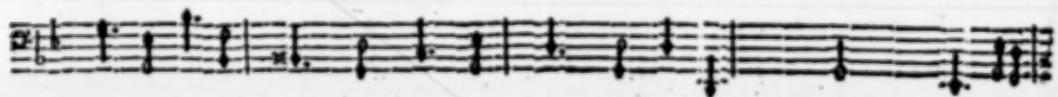
now. I know thee not, Father, 'tis *Diues*, 'tis thy Son, 'tis I, who purpled



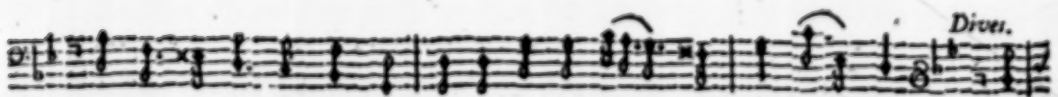
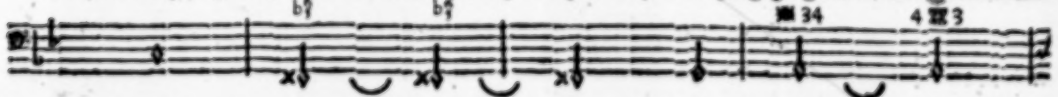
o're, far'd once de-li-cious-ly; Linnen of *Egypt* then a-dor———n'd my



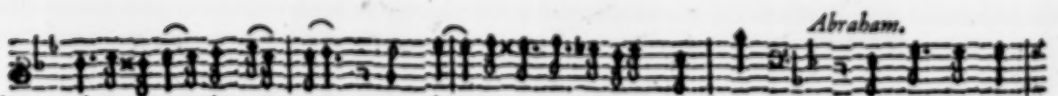
Head, who now, now in Flame———s lye thus en-ve-lo-ped. And can't thou now his



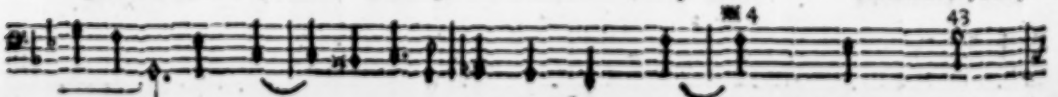
Cha-ri-ty implore, whom thou saw'st lately at thy sin-ty Door, beg-ging for Crums, those Crums

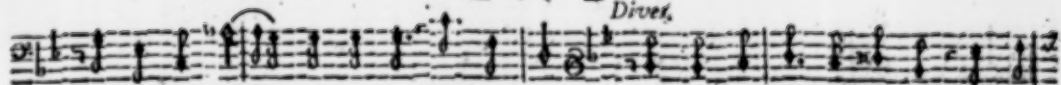


that fell beside thy o're-charg'd Table, and was them de-ny'd? Vain Soul! Some

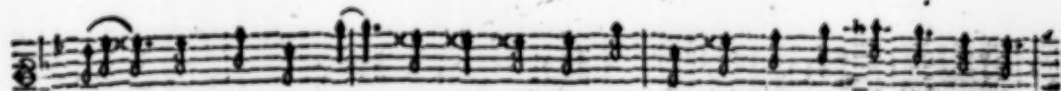
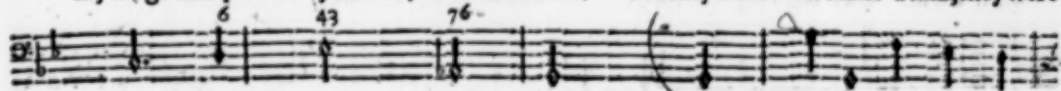


pi———ty take! Some pi———ty take! Remember, Son,

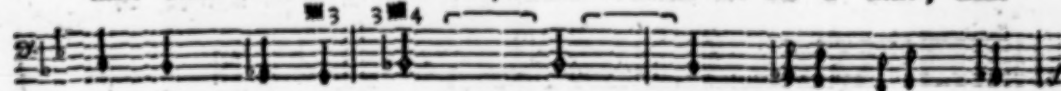
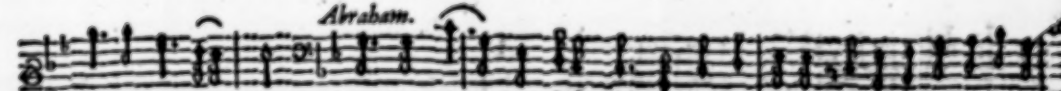


Dives.

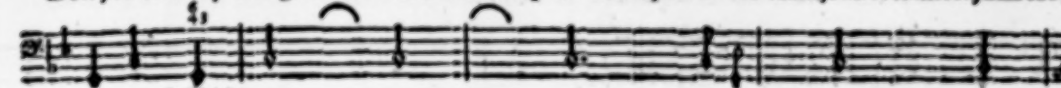
thy Dogs had pi — ty on him, thou had'st none. Yet they were mine reliev'd him, they were



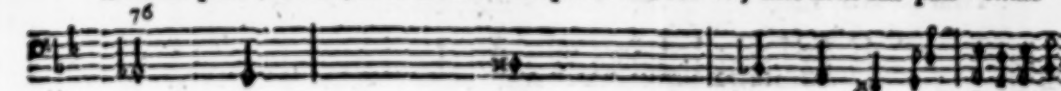
mine reliev'd him: Oh! in lieu, let him vouchsafe me but a little, little

*Abraham.*

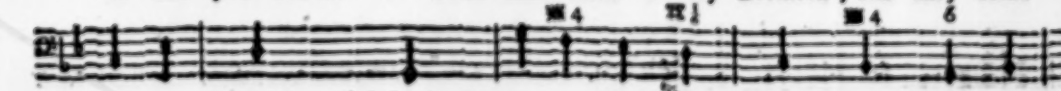
Dew, to cool my Tongue. Not the least drop of Grace, can e--ver enter, can ever enter, that for-



sa—ken place; Beside, th'enfathom'd Gulph is fix—ed so, that none can pass 'twixt

*Dives.*

us and you below. Then send them to my Brethren, lest they come

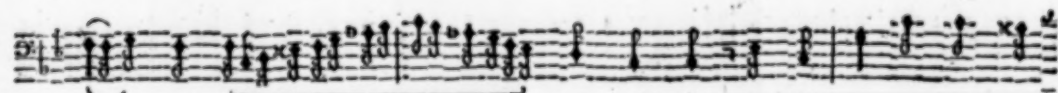
*Abraham.*

to feel the weight of any E—ter—nal Doom. They've Mo—ses to fore-

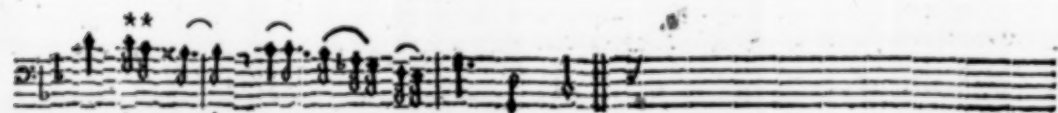
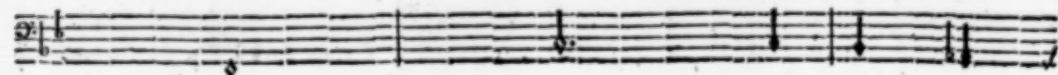




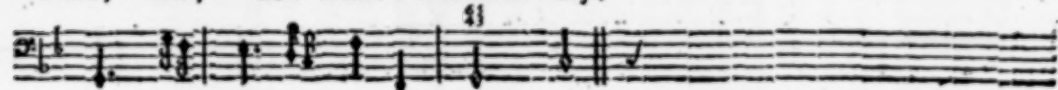
warn them. Oh! but they far sooner, far sooner, will a Dead Man's Voice obey. * If



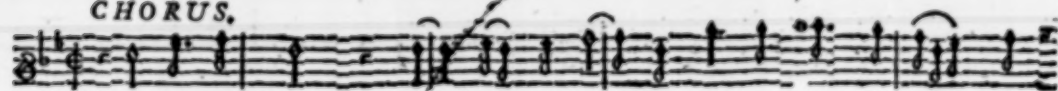
Si—nab's roa—ring Thunder from on high can—not be



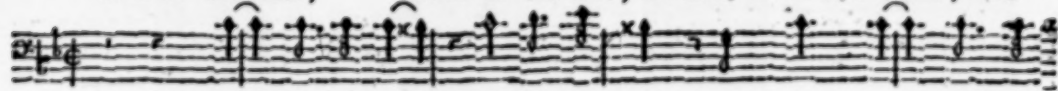
heard, how, how should a Dead Man's Cry?



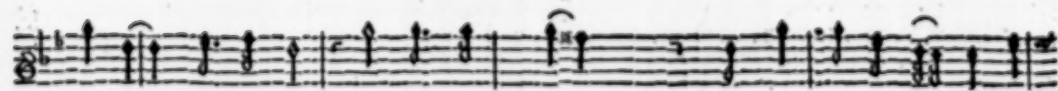
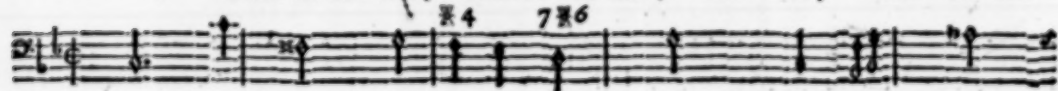
CHORUS.



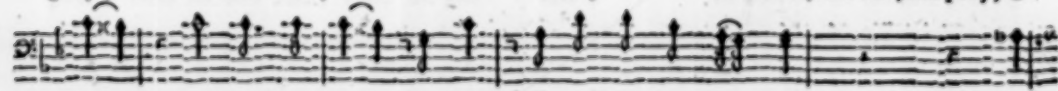
'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and



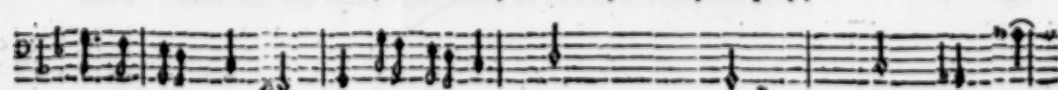
'Twill be too late, 'twill be too late, too late, 'twill be too



pray; 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late, to knock, and call, and pray, O—



late, 'twill be too late, too late, to knock, and call, and pray,



O—

pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that

pen Lord, o—pen Lord, o—pen in that dread

dread—ful Day; for when Death's fa—tal

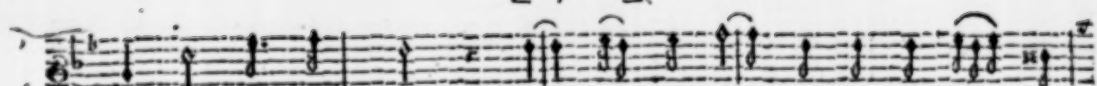
full, dread—ful Day;

Hand once shuts the Door, 'twill be too

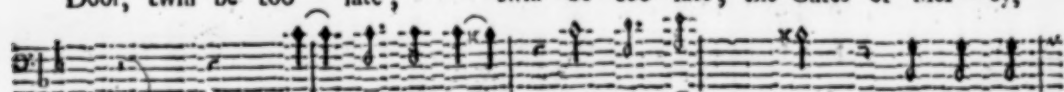
for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the Door,

late; for when Death's fa—tal Hand once shuts the

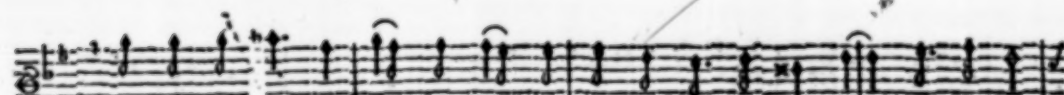
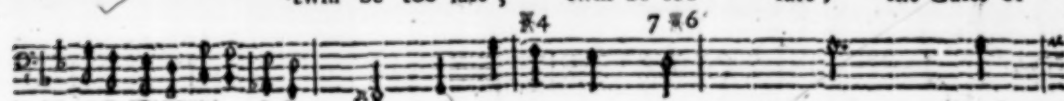
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late,



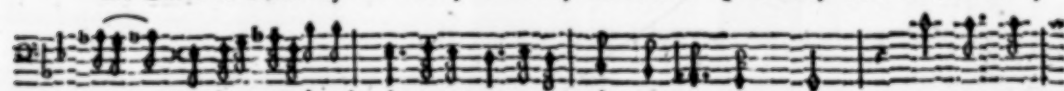
Door, 'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of Mer—cy,



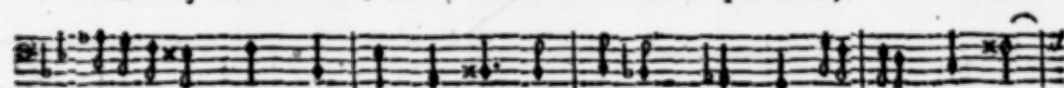
'twill be too late, 'twill be too late; the Gates of



the Gates of Mer—cy ne—ver, ne—ver, ne—ver o—pen more, 'twill be too late,

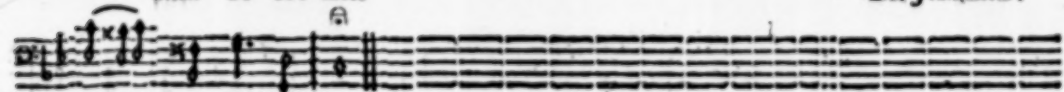


Mer—cy ne—ver, ne—ver o—pen more, 'twill be too

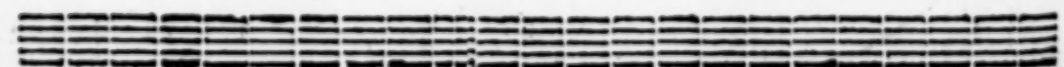
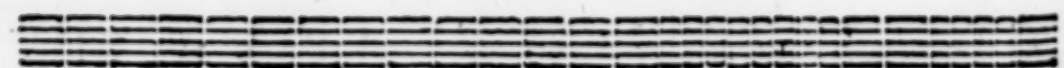
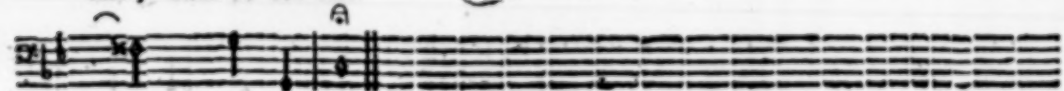


'twill be too late.

Dr. John Blow.



late, 'twill be too late.

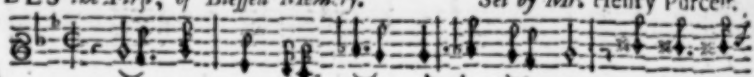
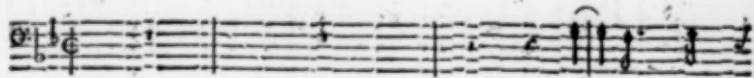
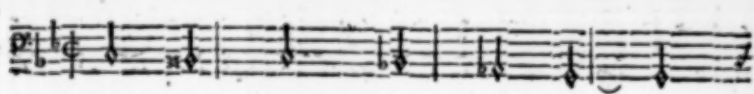


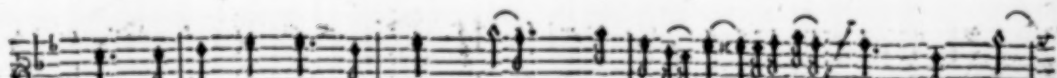
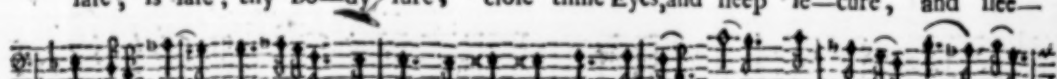
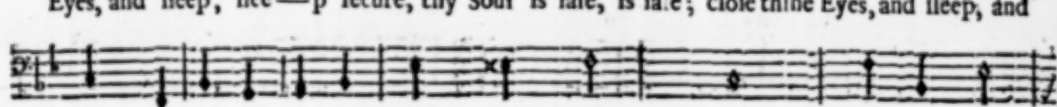
Upon a Quiet Conscience. [77]

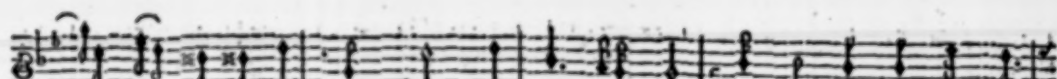
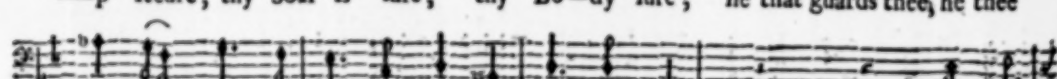
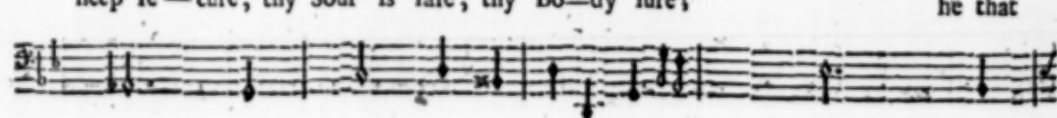
The Words by King CHARLES the First, of Blessed Memory.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.




 Lose thine Eyes, and sleep, sleep se—cure, thy Soul is

 Close thine



 safe, is safe, thy Bo—dy sure, close thine Eyes, and sleep se—cure, and slee—

 Eyes, and sleep, slee—p secure, thy Soul is safe, is safe; close thine Eyes, and sleep, and



 —p secure, thy Soul is safe, thy Bo—dy sure; he that guards thee, he thee

 sleep se—cure, thy Soul is safe; thy Bo—dy sure; he that



 keeps, who ne—ver slum—bers, ne—ver sleeps;

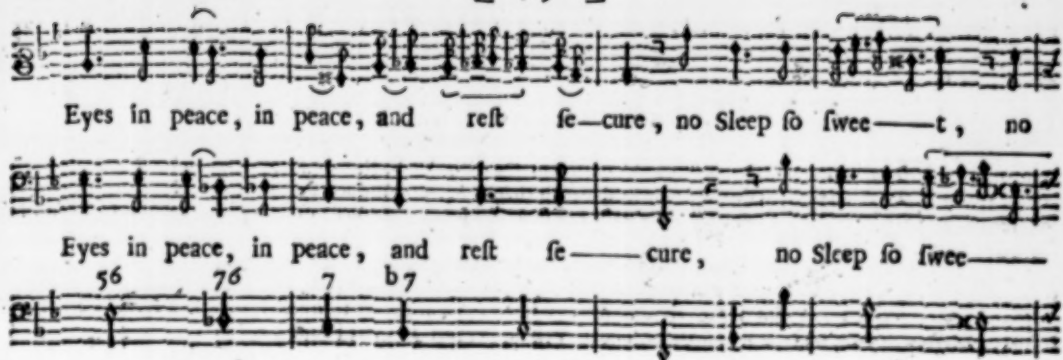
 guards thee, he thee keeps, he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne—ver


he that guards thee, he thee keeps, who ne-ver slum—bers, ne-ver
slum—bers, ne-ver sleeps, who ne-ver slum—bers, ne-ver

sleeps. A qui-et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on-ly Peace, has on-ly Rest, has
sleeps. A qui-et Conscience in a quiet Breast, has on-ly Peace, has
b65 76

only, on-ly Peace, has on-ly Rest. The Mu—sick, and the
on-ly Rest, has on-ly Rest. The Mu—sick, and the

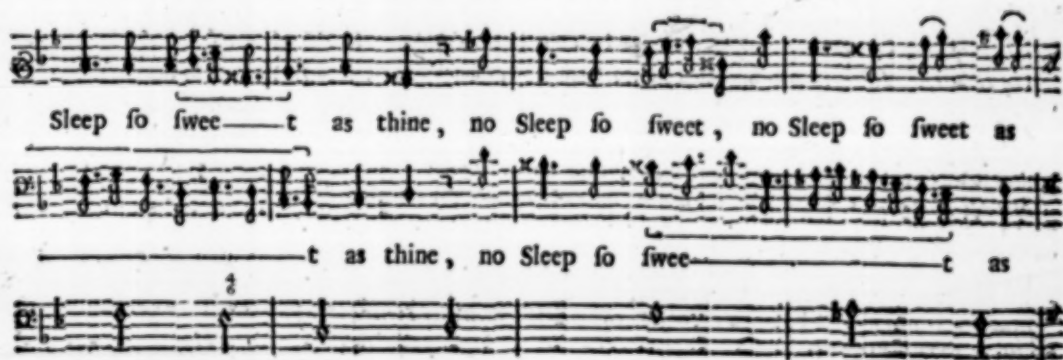
Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un-less she sings; Then close thine
Mirth of Kings, are out of Tune, un-less she sings; Then close thine
b3



Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se-cure, no Sleep so swee—t, no

Eyes in peace, in peace, and rest se—cure, no Sleep so swee—

56 76 7 b7



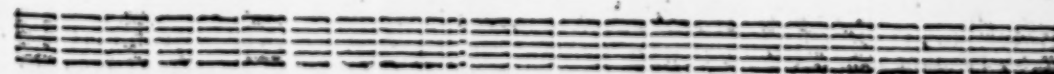
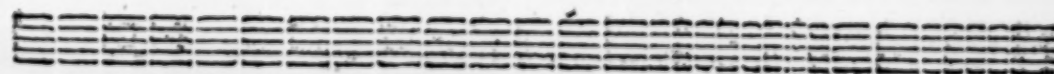
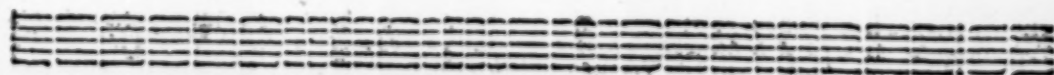
Sleep so swee—t as thine, no Sleep so sweet, no Sleep so sweet as

—t as thine, no Sleep so swee—t as



thine, no Rest so sure.

thine, no Rest so sure.



FINIS.

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